

Miscellany Poems.

Containing a New

TRANSLATION

OF

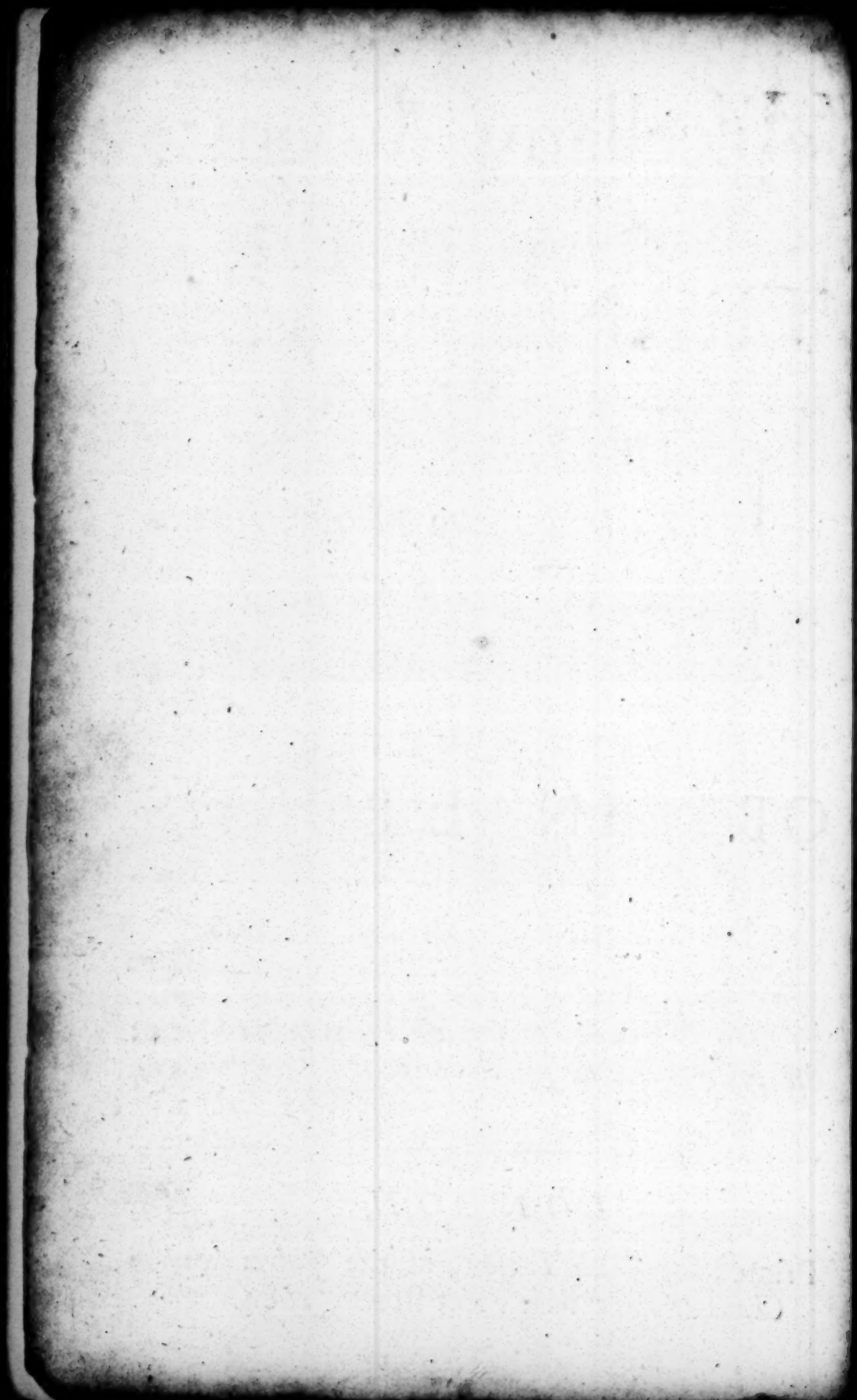
[VIRGIL'S Eclogues,
OVID'S Love Elegies,
Odes of HORACE,
And OTHER AUTHORS ;

WITH SEVERAL
ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the most Eminent Hands.

*Et Vos, O Lauri, carpam, & Te, proxima Myrte:
Sic posita quoniam suavis miscetis odores.*
Virg. Ecl. 2.

LONDON, Printed for Thomas Chapman at
the Chirurgions-Arms over-against the Mews
near Charing-Cross. 1688.



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O F T H E
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M A C K



Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
 This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
 In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute
 Through all the Realms of *Non sense*, absolute.
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the State:
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit;
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
 Should onely rule, who most resembles me:

B

Sb—

Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years.

Sh—— alone, of all my Sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into sense.

Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.

Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And courstly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
With well tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well sharpned thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar :
Echoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sh*—— call,
And *Sh*—— they resound from *A*—— *Hall*.
About thy boat the little Fishes throng,
As at the Morning Toast, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
St. *Andre's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excell;
So just, so like tautology they fell,

That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villierius* more.

Here stopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopefull boy.

All arguments, but most his Plays, perswade,
That for anointed dullness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
(The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.
Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.

Great

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
 But gentle *Simkin* just reception finds
 Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds:
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.
 Here *Fleckno*, as a place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
 For ancient *Decker* prophes'd long since,
 That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,
 Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense:
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
 Whole *Raymond* families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empress *Fame* had publisht the renown,
 Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
 Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
 From near *Bun-Hill*, and distant *Watling-street*.
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay;

From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*—— almost choakt the way,
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H*—— — was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness plaid arround his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Sworn by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*—— swore, nor should his Vow bee vain,
That he till Death true dullness would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway ;
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whose Loyns recorded *Pfysche* sprung.
His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head :
Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's Brook*,
Prefage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
Th'admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The *Syre* then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dullness : long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God ;
At length burst out in this prophetick mood :

Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To farr *Barbadoes* on the Western main ;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.

Beyond loves Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.
Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.
Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be Writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly shew the Writers wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justifie their Author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dullness, and desire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own.
Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;
But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.

And

And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.

Sir *Formal*, though unfought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.

Let Father *Fleckno* fire thy mind with praise,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part;
What share have we in Nature or in Art?

Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not understand?

Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?

Where sold he Bargains, Whip stitch, kiss my Arse,
Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?

When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine?

But so transfu'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dullness, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on oneside still,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A Tun of Man in thy Large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thy self to write,
Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peacefull Province in Acrostick Land.
There thou maist wings display and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word Ten thousand ways.

Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
 Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.
 He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
 For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard.
 Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
 Born upwards by A subterranean wind.
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
 With double portion of his Father's Art.

FINIS.

ABSA-

14

10

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AB 24

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

———*Si Propius stes*
Te Capiet Magis———

The Sixth Edition; Augmented and Revised.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head, in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1683.

MO

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

T *IS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The Design, I am sure, is honest: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequents of Whig and Tory: And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phanatick Church, as well as in the Papist; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgement of less Authority against me. Tet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms;*

terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all probability, of the best Judges: for, the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyr (where Justice woud allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Commonwealths men, for Professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Fury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have

have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent natures are always the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely mercifull; and his Vicegerent is onely not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices

C

by

by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.

T O

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR

Of this

EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as Earnest of a Faith renew'd,
 Your Theme is vast, your Verse divinely good:
 Where, thò the Nine their beauteous stroaks repeat,
 And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
 It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.
 So all Serenely Great, so Just, refin'd,
 Like Angels love to Humanie Seed enclin'd,
 It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
 'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,
 So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
 'Tis miniture of Man, but he's all heart;
 'Tis what the World woud be, but wants the Art:
 To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raise,
 Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise.

As if a *Milton* from the dead arose,
 Fil'd off the Rust, and the right Party chose.
 Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say,
 Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.
 'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Push on your Theme,
 Lean your griev'd head on *David's* Diadem.
David that rebel *Israels* envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.

The beauties of your *Absalom* excell:
 But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
 Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first Morn more bright,
 Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's
 Of *Annabel* the Muses dearest Theme, (Night
 Of *Annabel* the Angel of my dream.
 Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
 And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR

Of this
ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than humane thoughts the tunefull Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th'informing Genius shines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.

Not *David's* self could in a nobler Verse
 His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
 Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met,
 The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
 And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
 Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
 As when *Aeneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
 Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
 Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
 Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
 Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
 What Father else woud have refus'd to own
 So great a Son as God-like *Abfalon*?

R. D.

T O

TO THE CONCEAL'D
 A U T H O U R
 Of this
 INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muse! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
 The Glory of our I'le and of our Age.
 Th' inspiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
 The North at length teems with a Work to vie
 With *Homer's* Flame and *Virgil's* Majesty.
 While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet sought,
 (His ravisht Mind with vast *Idea's* freight)
 Our Language fail'd beneath his rising Thought;
 This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro's* Mines,
 He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines;
 Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* shines.
 The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull *Hebrew* Guide,
 Her flinty Breast dissolv'd into a Tide:
 Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,
 And makes the *Helicon* in which he falls.
 The Dialect, as well as sense, invents,
 And, with his Poem, a new speech presents.

Hail then thou matchless Bard, thou great Unknown,
 That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own!
 In vain——for ev'ry where your Praise you find,
 And not to meet it, you must shun Mankind.

Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
 And ev'n the Factious give your Verse applause,
 Whose Lightning strikes to ground their Idol Cause. }
 The Cause for whose dear sake they drank a Flood
 Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal-bloud:

The Cause whose growth to crush, our Prelates wrote
 In vain, almost in vain our *Hero's* fought.

Yet by one Stabb of your keen Satyr dies:
 Before your Sacred Lines their Shatter'd *Dagon* lies.

Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
 The Sire, to whom this Lovely Birth we owe:
 (Deny'd our ready Homage to express,
 And can at best but thankfull be by guess:)
 This hope remains, —May *David's* God-like Mind,
 (For him 'twas wrote) the Unknown Authour find:
 And, having found, shew'r equal Favours down
 On Wit so vast as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. T.

A B S A-



A B S A L O M

A N D

A-CHĪT-Ō-PHĒL.

A P O E M.

IN pious Times, e'er Priest-Craft did begin,
 Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
 When Man on many, multipl'd his kind,
 E'er one to one was, cursedly, confin'd:

When Nature prompted, and no Law deni'd
 Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride;
 Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
 His vigorous warmth did variously, impart.

To

26 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungratefull to the Tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.
But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No true Succession cou'd their Seed attend.
Of all the Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, so Brave as *Absalon*:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust;
Or that his Conscious Destiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States alli'd to *Israel's* Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And seem'd as he were onely born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please:
His motions all accompani'd with grace;
And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.

With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
 His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
 To all his wishes nothing he deni'd;
 And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Where constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
 And *Amnon's* Murther, by a specious Name,
 Was call'd a Just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
 Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
 While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
 But Life can never be sincerely blest:
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
 As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
 (Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise:)
 These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted Liberty,

And

And when no rule, no president was found,
Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish *Ishbosheth* the Crown forego;
Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King:
Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
Their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,
Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruine him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But these were random Bolts: No form'd Design;
Nor Interest made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign;
And, looking backward with a wise afright,
Saw Seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
They curst the memory of Civil Wars.

The moderate sort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
 Inclin'd the Ballance to the better side:
 And, *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to Rebell.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The carefull Devil is still at hand with means;
 And providently Pimps for ill desires;
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of old *Jerusalem*
 Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
 And their's the Native right——
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,
 The rightfull cause at length became the wrong:
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weakn'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:
 Impoverish't and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;

And,

And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like Common Wood.
This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honest Men and wise:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nations Curse,
Bad in it self, but represented worse.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some Truth there was, but dash't and brew'd with Lies,
T'o please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd;
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such fav'ry Deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not Introduce these Gods;
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,)
 Fools are more hard to conquer than Perswade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
 And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
 Which *Hebrew Priests* the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 By Guns, invented since full many a day:
 Our Authour swears it not; but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
 This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence:
 For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Floud;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'er:

So,

32 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

So, several factions from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves though
 Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise. (wise
 Some had in Courts been Great, & thrown from thence
 Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
 From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
 Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tie.
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way, }
 Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay; }
 And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay. }
 A daring Pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high

He fought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
 Would Steer to nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd;
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needfull hours of Rest?
 Punish a Body which he cou'd not please;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
 And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
 Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate:
 Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
 To Compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;
 The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke. }
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
 So easie still it proves in Factious Times,
 With publick Zeal to cancell private Crimes:

D

How

34 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,
 Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?
 Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own.
 Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
 In *Israel's* Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*
 With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
 Unbrib'd, unfought, the Wretched to redress;
 Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
 With Virtues onely proper to the Gown;
 Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
 From Cockle, that oppress'd the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had strung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
 And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happiness;
 Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
 And lent the Croud his Arme to shake the Tree.

Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince :
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown; and sculk'd behind the Laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes ;
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Jebusite*.
 Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebel.
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews:
 And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as War-like *Absalon*:
 Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate:)
 But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud:

36 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.

Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
And sheds his Venome, in such words as these.

Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land:
Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confess;
And, never satisfi'd with seeing, bless:
Swift, unbespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,
And flammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?

Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praise;
 Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our dayly sight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heav'n, has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
 And, from the first Impression, takes the Bent:
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind;
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you Spring
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain;
 And Heaven's Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
 Let his successfull Youth your hopes engage;
 But shun th' example of Declining Age:

38 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 The shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 The joyfull People throng'd to see him Land,
 Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand* :
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light :
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn :
 (Our onely blessing since his curst Return :)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes ?
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he should use,
 A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews* :
 Proud *Ægypt* wou'd dissembled Friendship bring;
 Foment the War, but not support the King :
 Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t' assist the *Jebusite* ;
 Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.

All sorts of men, by my successfull Arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
 From *David's* Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
 If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
 Might such a General gain by such a Cause?
 Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
 Fair onely to the sight, but solid Pow'r:
 And Nobler is a limited Command,
 Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
 Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
 When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
 Yet, sprung from High, is of Cœlestial Seed:
 In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.

40 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame ;
 Unwarily was led from Virtues ways ;
 Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise.
 Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
 (For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
 He thus Reply'd.—And what Pretence have I
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty ?
 My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right :
 The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight :
 Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws ;
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
 Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign ?
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in Vain ?
 What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
 Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose ?
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good ;
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
 If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
 What could he gain, his People to Betray,
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway ?

Let

Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
 His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
 The *Dog star* heats their Brains to this Disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,
 Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
 Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
 Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands:
 The People might assert their Liberty;
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
 His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
 Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire;
 What more can I expect while *David* lives?
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
 And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, said,
 Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.
 For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest,
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest:
 His Lawfull Issue shall the Throne ascend;
 Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that shall end.

His

His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue stands possess;
Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;
For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Inclind,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, Whispers me within;
Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wise,
Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign?
Against your will your Arguments have shown,
Such Virtue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.

'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his Wit proclaim.
But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.

To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;

Which

44 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Which when his Treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy
 His faithfull Friends, our Jealoufies and Fears,
 Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners:
 Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.
 The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
 Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
 And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
 His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
 Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
 Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
 To pass your doubtfull Title into Law:
 If not; the People have a Right Supreme
 To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
 All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust:
 Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
 Succession, for the general Good design'd,
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
 If altering that, the People can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a Nation grieve.

The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they chose,
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
 A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
 God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
 A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land:

Perhaps

46 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Perhaps th'old Harp on which he thrums his Lays:
Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who least complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his Distance draws;
Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Case no tame Expedients will afford:
Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldest Law.
Leave the warm People no Considering-time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.

Prevail

s: Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But trie your Title while your Father lives:
 And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
 Whose Sacred Life each minute would Expofe,
 To Plots, from feeming Friends, and fecret Foes.
 And who can found the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindnefs may Controll.
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
 If fo, by Force he wifhes to be gain'd:
 Like Womens Leachery, to feem Constrain'd:
 Doubt not : but, when he moft affects the Frown,
 nd: Commit a pleafing Rape upon the Crown.
 Secure his Perfon to fecure your Caufe;
 They who poffefs the Prince, poffefs the Laws.

He faid, And this Advice above the reft,
 With *Absalom's* Mild Nature fuited beft;
 Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition fet afide,)
 Not ftain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.

How

48 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

How happy had he been, if Destiny
 Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!
 His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
 And blest all other Countries but his own.
 But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;
 'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
 Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
 With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;
 To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
 And Popularly prosecute the Plot.
 To further this *Achitophel* Unites
 The Male-contents of all the *Israelites*:
 Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,
 For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
 The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
 Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
 Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.
 By these the Springs of Property were bent,
 And wound so high, they Crack't the Government.
 The next for Int'rest sought t' embroil the State,
 To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;

And

And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;
 Pretending Pub lick Good, to serve their own.
 Others thought Kings an useleſs heavy Load,
 Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
 Theſe were for laying Honelt *David* by,
 On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
 With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
 The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
 But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Reſtor'd;
 Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
 And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
 Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pull'd before
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Crie,
 Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracie.
 Where Sanhedrin and Prielt enſlav'd the Nation,
 And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration:

50 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;
Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual Themes;
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Beggard by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom*, and wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.
 Wits, Warriors, Common wealths-men, were the best
 Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb.
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure:
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who could Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The Wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to Curse
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.

Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:
 When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them.
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
 Woud free the suff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
 For Laws are onely made to punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.

If any leifure time he had from Pow'r,
(Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour :)
His Bus'ness was, by Writing to perswade,
That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade;
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaste were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd:
His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot,
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :
For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebell;
And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witness of the Plot;
Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass;
Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass;

High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From Earthy Vapours e'er they shine in Skies.
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's Issue, as by Prince's Son.
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,
 By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
 A Church Vermillion and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory miraculously great,
 Coud Plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For humane Wit coud never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke:

56 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Some things like Visionary flights appear;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
 And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.
 His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell;
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well:
 And suited to the temper of the Times;
 Then groaning under *Jebofitick* Crimes.
 Let *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:
 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
 Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Shoud whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his Person with indignities:
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
 Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murther call:
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.

What

What others in his Evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or coin,)
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
 Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court:
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
 And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown:
 Th'admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,
 And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes:
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
 On each side bowing popularly low:
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnisht out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,
 Few words he said; but easie those and fit,
 More flow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear Cause
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade.

My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys:
And all his pow'r against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why should he his own, and yours betray?
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies:

No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse;
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use;
 And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, seldom fail;
 But Common Interest always will prevail:
 And Pity never ceases to be shown,
 To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless:
 Who now begins his progress to ordain;
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous Train:
 From East to West his Glories he displays:
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar:
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God;
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode:
 But hospitable Treats did most commend
 Wise *Iffachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.

60 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise :
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts ; distinguish Friends from Foes ;
And trie their strength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd ; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made ;
And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.
Oh foolish *Israel* ! never warn'd by Ill !
Still the same bait, and circumvented still !
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of Health Imagine a Disease ;
Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree ?
What shall we think ! Can People give away,
Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway ?

Then

Then they are left defenceless to the Sword
 Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
 And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
 If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy,
 Yet if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Just,
 And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
 Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
 When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
 If those who gave the Sceptre could not tie
 By their own deed their own Posterity,
 How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
 How could his forfeit on Mankind take place?
 Or how could Heavenly Justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our Fathers Fall?
 Then Kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
 Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud:
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might?
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
 The Most may err, as grossly as the Few.

And

And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppression and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy :
And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take when e'er they please,
Not Kings alone, (the God-heads Images,)
But Government it self at length must fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a settled Throne woud shake?
For whatsoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.
All others Errours but disturb a Sate;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.

To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tampr'ing world is subject to this Curse,
To Physick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.

The

64 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art :
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart :
 Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
 His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Issue boast ;
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
 B' unequal Fates, and Providences crime:
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son ;
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
 Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
 Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line !
 By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known ;
 Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own :
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd :
 And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
 Whom Foes unpunish'd never coud withstand !

But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
 Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame:
 It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
 Now, free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul (Pole:
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry
 From thence thy kindred Legions maist thou bring,
 To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painfull flight;
 No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy Soul she should have fled before;
 Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
 To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 If thou canst find on Earth another He;
 Another He would be too hard to find,
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:
 With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
 Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;

66 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
 To Learning and to Lyalty were bred:
 For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
 And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
 To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
 Who best coud plead, and best can judge a Cause.
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
 Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend,
 Himself a Muse: — In Sanhedrins debate
 True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
 Whom *David's* Love with Honours did adorn,
 That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
 Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
 To move Assemblies, who but onely try'd
 The worse a while, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
 So much the weight of one Brave man can doe.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
 In publick storms of manly stedfastness;

By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
 And joyn'd Experience to his Native Truth.
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
 But hard the task to manage well the low:
 For Sovereign Power is too deprest or high,
 When Kings are forc'd to sell or Crouds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praise refuse?
 Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without Title Great:
 The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
 Their Reason Guided, and their Passion cool'd;
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a Loyal Nations Sense,
 That as their Band was *Israel*'s Tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rather Charioteirs the Seat ascend,
 Whose loose Careirs his steady Skill commend:
 They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
 Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;

68 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd such powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Successor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd.
These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound,
They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Concessions from the Throne woud please;
But Lenitives fomented the Disease:
That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That false *Achitophel*'s pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. 69

With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his carefull Breast
Th' event of things; at last, his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
The God-like *David* spoke; with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd.
My wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King asswage.
But now so far my Clemency they flight,
Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my tendernefs of Blood, my Fear:
Though Manly tempers can the Longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by Force.
Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:

70 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight :
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall :
 But, oh, that yet he would repent and live !
 How ealie 'tis for Parents to forgive !
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son !
 Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his Frame coud bear :
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
 He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn :
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince :
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool ;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause ?
 His old Instructor, e'er he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint !
 My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint :

Woud *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
 A King's at least a part of Government;
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:
 Without my leave a future King to choose,
 Infers a Right the Present to Depose:
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
 But *Eſau's* Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to ſecure, they take my Pow'r away.
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preſerve my Years,
 But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
 Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
 God cannot Grant ſo much as they can Crave.
 What then is left, but with a Jealous Eye
 To guard the Small Remains of Royalty?
 The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peacefull Sway,
 And the Same Law teach Rebels to obey:
 Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r controll,
 Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
 No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
 Nor Crouds have Pow'r to puniſh e'er they Prove:

72 *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care exprefs,
Still to defend their Servants in diftrefs.

Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!

Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againft my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?

Must I at length the Sword of Juftice draw?

Oh, curs'd Effects of neceffary Law!

How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.

Law they require, let Law then fhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her Hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the terrour of her Front, and Die.
By their own Arts, 'tis Righteoufly Decreed,
Thofe dire Artificers of Death fhall bleed.

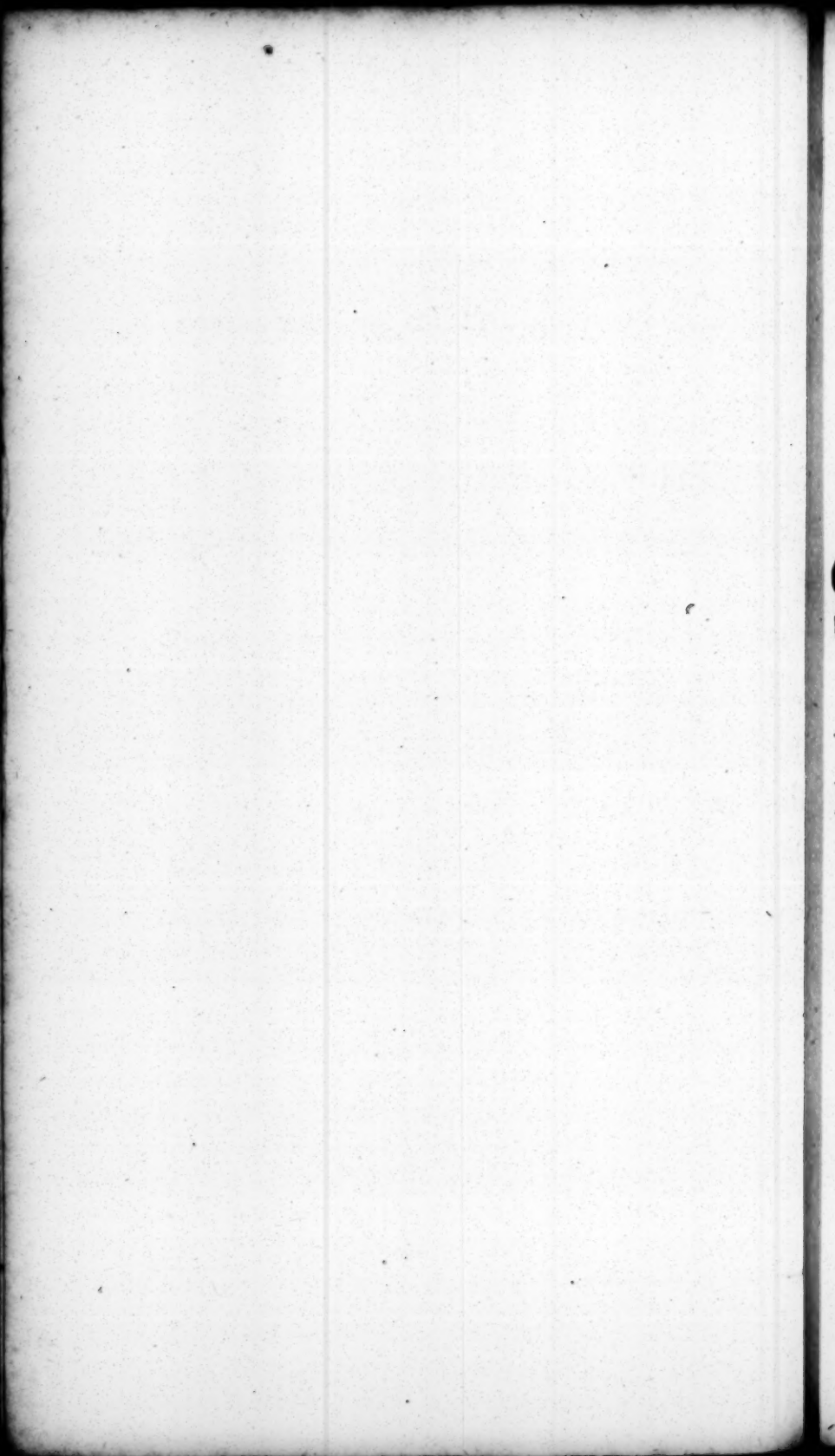
Againft themfelves their Witneffes will Swear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And fuck for Nutriment that bloody gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.

Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes fhall doe me Right:

Nor doubt th'event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted Course:
Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force:
But when they stand all Breathless, urge the Fight,
And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:
For Lawfull Pow'r is still Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.

He said. Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began,
The mighty Years in long Procession ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was Restor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawfull Lord.

F I N I S.



The Medall.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

By the Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

*Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem
Ibat ovans; Divûmque sibi poscebat Honores.*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head* in
Chancery-lane, near *Fleet-street*. 1 6 8 3.

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E P I S T L E

To the

W H I G S.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanc'd, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Tet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he sate
not

not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head would be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to wrags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factionous Clubs, to vilify the Government, in your
Dis

Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Croud, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I onely forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers;
and

and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stoln from your dead Authour's Pamphlet call'd, the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's defence of the English People, is from Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot, murther'd Francis Duke of Guise by the instigations of Theodore Beza: or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfullness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate; which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your likeing. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in same cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly

wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you doe well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easy to believe as your own Jury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.

I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Raile at me

abundantly; and, not to break a Custome, doe it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the botome of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and wellcome: let your Verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; But above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am affraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doe him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed: and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Wast-paper in the Shop. Tet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are; buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhymers, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him onely for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

UPON THE
 AUTHOR
 Of the Following
 POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t'engage
 The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
 Once more prepares his dreadfull Pen to wield,
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
 Yet modestly the Fight He long declin'd;
 Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
 Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needfull Hour:
 His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
 Wak'd his Avenging Genius to it's Aid.
 Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was Crown'd,
 And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.

With

With chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc't t' engage,
 Secure of Conquest He rebates his Rage;
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
 Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
 To less infected Members gentle found,
 Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.
 Such Gen'rous Grace th' ingratefull Tribe abuse,
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;
 Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring
 To Snarle and Bark against the Poets King;
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before!
 On these He scarce vouchsafes a scornfull smile,
 But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Style.
 A Style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
 The vital Poyson, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR
Of the Following
POEM,

And that of

ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL*.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cause Divine bid shew;
Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are, }
Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare }
Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tunefull Song
Glides in a peacefull Majesty along;
No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The easie passage of his silent wave,

So, sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,
 Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
 Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
 Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love;
 How sweet does Vertue in your drefs appear?
 How much more charming, when much less severe?
 Whilst you our senses harmlesly beguile,
 With all th' allurements of your happy Style;
 Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
 And into sense th' unthinking Many cheat:
 So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
 Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;
 So he the savage herd to reason drew,
 Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you:
 Oh, that you would with some such powerfull Charm,
 Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm!
 Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theme afford,
 Or the great Deeds of God-like *James's* Sword;
 Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
 Another Fleet might pass the subject Main;
 Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
 Or such an *Ossory* as you did moan;
 While in such Numbers you, in such a strain,
 Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
 Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
 Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
 Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
 Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
 Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
 Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;

Thô each in vain such various ills employs,
 Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys;
 Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
 Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
 In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,
 In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
 Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before.

Nor shalt thou move, thô Hell thy fall conspire,
 Thô the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
 Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* race,
 Thou onely fit to fill Great *Charles* his place.

Ah wretched *Britains*! ah too stubborn Isle!
 Ah stiff-neck't *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* soyl!
 Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
 Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
 Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
 Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,
 While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with
 (Honey flow?)

No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage,
 In civil fury, and intestine rage;
 No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land molest,
 But a smooth Calm sooth every peacefull breast,
 While in such Charming notes Divinely sings,
 The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.



The Medall.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
 Which *English* Idiots run in crouds to see,
 The *Polish Medall* bears the prize alone:
 A Monster more the Favourite of the Town
 Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive:

So

So like the Man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætatur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd:
And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
Five daies he fate, for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to war.
A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)

Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal wit for fums of gold
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain;
The lowdest Bagpipe of the Squeaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
There split the Saint: for Hypocritique Zeal
Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;
But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack:
His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.

Pow'r

Pow'r was his aym: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneasy in his lawfull gears.
At best as little honest as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
To his first byass, longingly he leans;
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence those tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail so far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar?

Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
 But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confess;
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast.
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate;
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway;
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle;
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
 And shews the Fiend confess'd without a vaile.
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
 That Claimes successive bear no binding force;
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course;
 Maintains the Multitude can never err;
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
 The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;
 The most have still their Int'rest in their eyes;
 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise.
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
 Power is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute!

Nor

Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leapst o'er all eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique*
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, (wa
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
As righteously they did those dooms repent,
Still they were wise, what ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run
To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
Some think the Fools were most, as times went then
But now the World's o'er stock'd with prudent men
The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best;
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worship onely true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:

And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never cease,
Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace.

Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
In equal Balances were justly cast :

But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot mouth'd horse ;

Instructs the Beast to know his native force ;

To take the Bit between his teeth and fly

To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.

Too happy *England*, if our good we knew ;

Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue !

The lavish Government can give no more :

Yet we repine ; and plenty makes us poor.

God try'd us once ; our Rebel-fathers fought ;

He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they sought :

Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,

The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.

We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails ;

Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails !

How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill ;

Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will !

That Kings can doe no wrong we must believe :

None can they doe, and must they all receive ?

Help

Help Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of Laws, which they dispence.
No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
And Medalls grav'd, their Conquest to record,
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
Mumbl'ing to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass;
Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;
But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
Then, Justice and Religion they forswore;
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause;
And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.

But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
 It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
 And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take;
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
 Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;
 They make it speak whatever Sense they please!
 Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire;
 But, since our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
 The Text inspires not them; but they the Text inspire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
 O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!
 Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part!
 I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will stand:
 Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
 Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.
 Seditiōn has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
 Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
 Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous band;
 But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.

H

Thy

Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disinchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wisdom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge
Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In Gospel phrase their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone
And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.

Whether

Whether the plotting Jesuite lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murder too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination less,
Too plain t' evade, too shamefull to confess.

But Treason is not own'd when tis descry'd;
Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.

The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.

Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;

At first without, at last against their Prince.

If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,

The same bold Maxime holds in God and Man:

God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun

He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.

Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,

The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.

In vain to Sophistry they have recourse:

By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse;

Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.

Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal;
Chop up a Minister, at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal rights within the Ring.
From thence, t' assume the pow'r of Peace and War;
And ease him by degrees of publique Care.
Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of the Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand,
And grinn and whet like a *Croatian* Band;
That waits impatient for the last Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain;
They steal not, but in Squadrons scoure the Plain:
And,

And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue;
The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes foolishly they shew;
For, in some Soils Republicques will not grow:
Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,
Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:
But slides between them both into the best;
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest.

And though the Climate, vex't with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholesome Tempest purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call;
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all.
Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.

But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,
That preach up Thee for God; dispence thy Laws;
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause;
Fresh Fumes of Madness raise; and toile and sweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
That lets the World and Humane-Kind alone:
A jolly God, that passes hours too well
To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;
And Wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.

Without a Vision Poets can fore-shew
What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:
If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy Faction Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.
The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puffed up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
(Crane.
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:

Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend,
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
 About their impious Merit shall contend.

The surly Commons shall respect deny;
 And justle Peerage out with Property.

Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway;
 Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim,
 In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame;
 And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd ingage;
 Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
 And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast.

————— *Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*

T H E E N D.



S E V E R A L . O F

Ovid's Elegies,
B O O K I.

E L E G Y the F I R S T.

Englisbed By Mr. Cooper.

IN lofty Strains, said I, some mighty thing,
Of Arms and War I mean to Sing;
In equal Numbers, let the Verses meet,
Like the Action, brave and great.
But Love untoward still, and still perverse
Was seen to laugh and maim my Verse;

And

And th' latter line, thô near of that same Kind,
 Is forc'd to limp and halt behind.
 Poets the Muses should obey, not thee ;
 Who gave thee then this Tyranny ?
 Who did to th' cruel Boy the power permit
 Both to Command us, and our Wit ?
 The pointed Spear soft *Venus* should not move ;
 Nor warlike *Pallas* deal in Love ;
 Upon the Mountains *Ceres* should not reign ;
 Nor should *Diana* Till the plain ;
 Nor should *Apollo* come to the bloudy fray ;
 Or *Mars* upon the Harp to play :
 Too large thy Empire, and too great thy power ;
 Does thy Ambition aim at more ?
 Wouldst thou the Muses too Controll, vain Boy ;
 Nor let their King his Harp Enjoy ?
 To loftier things, said I, my thoughts I raise
 Than Boy's or viler Woman's praise :
 In vain I strove to Sing of lofty things,
 He Lur'd me down and Clipt my Wings ;
 Yet froward I, and Stubborn still remain'd,
 And struggl'd much and much Complain'd ;

With that his Stout and well-strong Bow he bent,
From thence a mighty Arrow sent.

Strong was the fatal Bow, the Arrow fleet,
And now (vain Man!) said he now write.
Ah me! the Bow was strong, the Arrow sure,
Witness the torments I endure.

Against such force what Man can keep the Field?
I yeild, Great God, cry'd I, I yeild:
At thy Command, dread Conquerer, to Sing
Or any way, or any thing.

ELEGY the SECOND.

Englisbed By Mr. Creech.

AH me! why am I so uneasie grown?
Ah why so restless on my Bed of down?
Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain?
Why am I all the tedious night in pain?
What cause is this that ease that rest denies?
And why my words break forth in gentle sighs?

Sure

Sure I should know if Love had fixt his Dart,
 Or creeps he softly in with treacherous Art,
 And then grows Tyrant there and wounds the Heart?

Tis so, the shaft sticks deep and galls my Breast,
 Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my thoughts of rest!
 Well, shall I tamely yield, or must I fight?
 I'll yield, tis patience makes a burthen light:
 A shaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks arise,
 But, if unmov'd, the fire looks pale and dyes.
 The hard mouth'd Horse smarts for his fierce disdain,
 The Gentle's ridden with a looser rein.

Love smooths the Gentle, but the fierce reclaims;
 He fires their Breasts, and fills their Souls with flames.

I yield, Great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
 Forget my Rebel thoughts, and let me live:
 No need of force, I willingly obey,
 And now unarm'd, shall prove no glorious Prey.
 Go take thy Mothers Doves, thy myrtle Crown,
 And, for thy Chariot, *Mars* shall lend his Own;
 There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant pride,
 And, whilst glad shouts resound on every side,
 Thy gentle hands thy Mothers Doves shall Guide.

And

And there, to make thy Glorious Pomp and State,
 A Train of fighting Youths and Maids shall wait,
 Yet none Complains of an unhappy fate.

There newly conquer'd I, still fresh my wound,
 Will march along, my hands with Myrtle bound;
 There modestly with Vails thrown o'er her Face,
 Now doubly blushing at her own disgrace;
 There sober thoughts, and whatsoe'er disdains
 Love's rule, shall feel his power and bear his chains:
 Then all shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice,
To Triumphe be the publick Voice.

Thy constant Guards, soft fancy, hope, and fear,
 Anger and soft Caresses shall be there:
 By these strong Guards are Men and Gods o'erthrown,
 These Conquer for thee, Love, and these alone:
 Thy Mother from the Sky, thy Pomp shall grace,
 And scatter sweetest Roses in thy Face:
 There glorious Love shall ride, profusely drest
 With all the richest Jewels of the East:
 Rich Gemms thy Quiver and thy Wheels infold,
 And hide the poorness of the baser Gold.

Then

Then thou shalt conquer many, then thy Darts
 Shall scatter thousand wounds on tender Hearts :
 Thy shafts themselves will fly, thy neighbouring fire
 Will catch mens breasts and kindle warm desire.
 Thus conquering *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
 He drawn by Tygers, Thou by murmuring Doves.
 Well then, since I too can encrease thy train,
 Spend not thy force on me and rage in vain;
 Look on thy Kinsman *Cæsar's* happy slaves,
 The same victorious Arm that conquers saves.

ELEGY the FOURTH

*Instructions to his Mrs. how to behave her self
 at Supper before her Husband.*

Englisbed By Sir Ch. Scrope.

SInce to constrain our Joys, that ill-bred, rude,
 Familiar thing your Husband will intrude;
 For a Just Judgment may th'unwelcome Guest
 At this Nights lucky Supper eat his last.

How shall I then with patience stand by,
 While my *Corinna* gives another Joy?
 His wanton hands in her soft bosome warms,
 And feels about her Neck his clasping Arms?
 Oh torturing Sight ! but since it must be so,
 Be kind and learn what tis I'de have you doe.
 Come first, be sure, for thô the place may prove
 Unfit for all we wish, 'twill shew your Love.
 When call'd to Table you demurely go,
 Gently in passing touch my hand or toe.
 Mark all my Actions well, observe my Eye,
 My speaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
 If I doe ought of which you would complain,
 Upon your Elbow languishingly lean.
 But if your pleas'd with what I doe or say,
 Steal me a smile and snatch your Eyes away.
 When you reflect on our past secret Joys,
 Hold modestly your Fann before your Eyes :
 And when your nauseous Husband tedious grows,
 Your lifted hands with scornfull anger close;
 As if you call'd for vengeance from above
 Upon that dull Impediment to Love.

A thou-

A thousand skilfull ways we'll find to shew
 Our mutual Love, which none but we shall know.
 I'll watch the parting Glass, when e'er you drink,
 And where your Lips have toucht it kifs the brink.
 Like still the Dish that in your reach does stand,
 Taking the Plate I so may feel your hand.
 But what he recomends to you to eat
 Coyly refuse, as if you loath'd the meat;
 Nor let his Matrimonial right appear
 By any ill-tim'd household Freedom there.
 Let not his fulsome Armes imbrace your waste,
 Nor lolling head upon your bosome rest.
 One kifs would streight make all my passion known,
 And my fierce Eyes with rage would claim their own.
 Yet what thus passes will be done i'th light,
 But Oh! the Joys that may be kept from sight;
 Legs lockt in Legs, thighs pressing thighs, and all
 The wanton Spells that up Loves fury call.
 These cunning Arts which I so oft have us'd
 Make me now fear to be my self abus'd.
 To clear my doubts, so far your chair remove
 As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.

Put him in mind of pledging every health,
 And let the tutor'd Page add wine by stealth;
 The Sot grown drunk we easier may retire,
 And doe as the Occasion shall inspire.

But after all, how small (alas) the gains,
 Will be, for which we take such mighty pains!
 Torn from my Arms, you must go home to bed,
 And leave your poor forsaken Lover dead;
 Cruel divorce! Enough to break my heart,
 Without you promise this, before you part.

When my blest Rival, goes to reap his Joy,
 Receive him so as may the blis destroy:
 Let not the least kind mark of Love escape,
 But all be duly and a lawfull Rape;
 So deadly cold and void of all desire,
 That like a Charm, it may put out his fire.
 But if compell'd, you should at last comply,
 When we meet next, besure you all deny.

ELEGY the FIFTH

Englisht By Mr. Duke.

T Was Noon, when I scorch'd with the double fire
 Of the hot Sun, and my more hot desire,
 Stretcht on my downey Couch at ease was laid,
 Bigg with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
 The Curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
 Such as in Shades of thickest Groves is seen;
 Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
 Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not day.
 This light to modest Maids must be allow'd,
 Where shame may hope its guilty head to Shrowd.
 And now my Love *Corinna*, did appear,
 Loose on her Neck fell her divided hair;
 Loose as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the air.
 In such a Garb, with such a grace and mein,
 To her Rich bed came the *Afyrian* Queen.
 So *Lais* look't, when all the Youth of *Greece*
 With adoration did her charms confess.

Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
 So I at last, an easie Conquest had,
 Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd:
 But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
 Gods! with what charms did she my Soul surprize?
 What Snowy Arms did I both see and feel?
 With what rich globes did her soft bosome swell?
 Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing breast;
 Courting the hand, and suing to be prest!
 What a smooth plain, was on her Belly spread?
 Where thousand little Loves, and Graces play'd!
 What Thighs! What Legs! But why strive I in vain,
 Each Limb, each grace, each feature to explain?
 One beauty did through her whole Body shine.
 I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
 Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
 O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to every day.

ELEGY the EIGHTH

*He Curses a Bawd, for going about to
debauch his Mistress.*

Englisht By Sir Ch. Sidly.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus* Wars,
And dreadfull still with honourable scars:
Her youth and beauty, craft and guile supply
Sworn Foe to all degrees of Chastity.
Dypsas, who first taught Love-sick Maids the way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding day.
And then a hundred subtile tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the Amorous Theft might be disguis'd.
Of Pigeons-blood, squeez'd from the panting heart,
With Surfeit-water, to contract the part,
She knows the Use: whilst the good man betray'd,
With eager Arms hugs the false bleeding Maid.
Of herbs and Spells she tries the Guilty Force,
The poyson of a Mare that goes to Horse.

Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
 Some for a Bawd, most take her for a Witch.
 Each Morning sees her reeling to her Bed,
 Her native Blew o'ercome with drunken red.
 Her ready tongue ne'er wants an usefull lie,
 Soft moving words, nor Charming flattery.

Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* speak,
 Young *Damon's* heart wilt thou for ever break?
 He long has lov'd thee, and by me he sends
 To learn thy motions, which he still attends.
 If to the Park thou go, the Plays are ill;
 If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
 The other day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
 As he wou'd grow a Statue in the place;
 And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
 Beauty like thine strikes Wonders from afar.
 Alas, methinks thou art ill-drest to night,
 This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
 This Gown was by some botching Taylor made,
 It spoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
 Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt fair,
Damon is rich, and what thou wantst can spare.

Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
 Wou'd he not buy, he might himself be bought.

Fair *Lucia* blusht; It is a sign of Grace,
Dyppas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.

All Lovers now by what they give are weigh'd,
 And she is best belov'd that is best paid.

The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius* Reign,
 Did to one man perhaps their Love restrain.

Venus in her *Aeneas* City rules,

And all adore her Deity, but Fools.

Go on, ye Fair, Chaste onely let such live,
 As none will ask, and know not how to give.

How prettily you frown? But I'll speak on,
 Hear me, another day 'twill be your own.

Vertuous *Penelope* is said t' have try'd,

With a strong Bow, each lusty Lover's side.

Nor did *Lucretia* kill herself for rage,

But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.

To the young Prince she vow'd, ne'er more to joy
 In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.

To keep her word she dy'd-----

Life steals away, and our best hours are gone,
 E'er the true Use, or worth of them, be known.
 Things long neglected of themselves decay,
 What we forbear time rudely makes his prey.
 Beauty is best preserv'd by Exercise,
 Nor for that Task can one or few suffice.
 Wou'dst thou grow rich, thou must from many take
 From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
 Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
 What does thy Poet, but new Verses give?
 A Poet, the last thing that Earth does breed,
 Whose Wit, for Sixpence, any one may read.
 Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
 To give is an ingenious thing I swear.
 Despise not any can a present make,
 It matters not from whom, but what we take.
 Nor with the sound of Titles be thou caught,
 For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
 Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree,
 The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge give me.
 If any beardless Stripling ask a Night,
 And think thee paid with mutual delight ;

Bid him go earn thy price among the men,
 And when he has it, come to thee again.
 Love truly none, but seem in Love with all,
 And at old friends to thy new Lover rail.
 Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
 The sharp-set Hawks will stoop to any Lure.
 Then grant again, lest he a habit get
 Of living from thee, but be sure thou let
 No empty Lover in: murmur sometimes,
 And as first hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
 Seem jealous, when thou'lt been thy self to blame,
 'Twill stop his mouth, if thou the first complain.
 All thou hast done be ready to forswear,
 For Lovers Oaths fair *Venus* has no Ear.
 Whilst he is with thee, let some Woman bring
 Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign pretious thing;
 Which thou must say thou want'st, and he must buy,
 Though for it Six months hence in Gaol he lye.
 Thy Mother, Sister, Brother, and thy Nurse,
 Must have a pull each at thy Lover's Purse.
 Let him from Rivals never be secure,
 That hope once gone, Love will not long endure.

Shew him the presents by those Rivals sent,
 So shall his bounty thy request prevent.
 When he will give no more, ask him to lend;
 If he want money, find a trusting Friend.
 Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-glass,
 Or any thing for which his word will pass.
 Practise these Rules, thou'lt find the benefit;
 I lost my Beauty e'er I got this wit.

I at that word stept from behind the door,
 And scarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
 Her few Grey hairs in rage I vow'd to pull,
 And thrust her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
 Poor in a Dungeons bottom mayst thou rot,
 Dye with a blow with thy beloved Pot,
 No Brandy, and Eternal thirst thy Lot.

SEVERAL



SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK II.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

To his false Mistress.

Englisbed By Sir Ch. Sidly.

Cupid, begon! who wou'd on thee rely,
And thus at every moment wish to dye?
Death is my wish, when on thy guilt I think,
(Thy faithless guilt) at which I fain wou'd wink.
False Maid, thou various torment of my life,
Thou flying pleasure, and thou lasting grief;

No doubtfull Letters thy lost faith accuse,
 Nor private gifts, thou mightst with ease excuse
 Such proofs, one word of thine might overcome;
 Why is my cause so good, and thou so dumb?
 Happy's the man that's handsomely deceiv'd,
 Whose *Mistress* swears and lies, and is believ'd.
 These Eyes beheld thee, when thou thoughtst me gone
 In books and signs (nor yet in those alone)
 Conveying the glad message of thy Love
 To that gay, vain, dull Fopp that sat above.
 I knew the Language soon, what could be hid
 From Lovers Eyes of all ye said or did?
 When others rose, I saw thee Dart a kiss,
 The wanton prelude to a farther bliss:
 Not such as Wives to their cold Husbands give,
 But such as hot Adulterers receive.
 Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
 And fire even wasted nature with delight.
 What art thou mad, I cry'd, before my face,
 To steal my wealth, and my new Rival grace?
 I'll rise and seize my own upon the place.

These

These soft endearments should not farther go,
 But be the secret treasure of us two,
 How comes this third in for a share I'd know ?
 This, and what more my grief inspir'd, I said;
 Her face she cover'd with a Conscious red:
 Like a Cloud guilded by the rising Sun,
 Or Virgin newly by her Love undone.
 Those very blushes pleas'd, when she cast down
 Her lovely Eyes, with a disdainfull frown.
 Disdain became her, looking on the Earth,
 Sad were her looks, but Charming above mirth.
 I could have kill'd my self, or him, or her,
 Scarce did my rage her tender Cheeks forbear:
 When I beheld her Face my anger cool'd,
 I felt my self to a mere Lover fool'd.
 I, who but now so fierce, grow tame and sue,
 With such a kiss we might our Love renew.
 She smil'd and gave me one might *Jove* disarm,
 And from his hand the brandisht Thunder charm.
 'Twas worse than death, to think my Rival knew
 Such Joys as till that hour to me were new.

She gave much better kisses than I taught,
 And something strange was in each touch me-thought.
 They pleas'd me but too well, and thou didst tongue,
 With too much art and skill, for one so young:
 Nor is this all, though I of this complain,
 Nor should I for a kiss be so in pain:
 But thine cou'd never but in Bed be taught,
 I fear how dear thou hast thy Knowledge bought.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

Englisbed By Mr. Creech.

A Las, poor *Poll*, my *Indian* talker dyes!
 Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obsequies*.
 Go Birds, and beat your Breasts, your Faces tear,
 And pluck your gaudy plumes, instead of hair.
 Let dolefull Tunes the frighted Forests wound,
 And your sad Notes supply the Trumpets sound.

Why

Why *Philomel* dost mourn, the *Thracian* rage?
 It is enough, thy Grief at last assuage;
 His Crimson faults are now grown white with Age. }
 Now mourn this Bird, the Cause of all thy woe
 Was great 'tis true, but it was long ago.
 Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 But you, my *Turtle*, take the greatest share!
 You two liv'd constant Friends, and free from strife,
 Your kindness was intire, and long as life.
 What *Pylades* to his *Orestes* vow'd,
 To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* show'd, }
 And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
 But ah, what did thy Faith, thy Plumes and Tail,
 And what thy pretty Speaking-art avail?
 And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my Miss,
 Since now the Birds unhappy Glory dyes?
 A lovely *verdant* Green grac't every Quill,
 The deepest *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
 In speaking thou didst every Bird excell,
 None pratted, and none lisp't the words so well.

'Twas envy onely sent this fierce Disease,
 Thou wert averse to War, and liv'dst in peace,
 A talking harmless thing, and lov'dst thine Ease.
 The fighting Quails still live midst all their strife,
 And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
 Thy Meat was little, and thy prating tongue
 Would ne'er permit thee make thy Dinner long:
 Plain Fountain-water all thy drink allow'd,
 And Nut, and Poppy-feed, were all thy Food.
 The preying *Vultures*, and the Kites remain,
 And the unlucky *Crow* still caws for Rain.
 The *Chough* still lives, midst fierce *Minerva's* hate,
 And scarce nine hundred years conclude her Fate.
 But my poor *Poll* now hangs his sickly head,
 My *Poll*, my present from the East, is dead.
 Best things are soonest snatcht by covetous Fate,
 To worse she freely gives a longer date.
Thersites brave *Achilles* Fate surviv'd;
 And *Hector* fell, whilst all his Brothers liv'd.
 Why should I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
 How oft she beg'd thy Life, how oft she pray'd?

The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin,
 To end the thread, they had no more to Spin.
 Yet still he talkt, and when death nearer drew,
 His last breath said, *Corinna*, now Adieu.
 There is a shady Cypress Grove below,
 And thither (if such doubtfull things we know)
 The Ghosts of pious Birds departed go.
 'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the year,
 And Birds obscene do never enter there:
 There harmless *Swans* securely take their rest,
 And there the single *Phœnix* builds her nest.
 Proud *Peacocks* there display their gaudy Train,
 And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the plain.
 To these dark shades my *Parrot's* soul shall go,
 And with his Talk divert the Birds below.
 Whilst here his bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
 A little Marble and an Epitaph:

*In talking I did every Bird excell,
 And my Tomb proves my Mistress lov'd me well.*

ELEGY the SEVENTH.

*He protests that he had never any thing to
doe with the Chamber-maid.*

Englisbed By Mr. Creech.

ANd must I still be guilty, still untrue, (new?
And when old crims are purg'd still charg'd with
What tho' at last my Cause I clearly gain?
Yet I'm asham'd to strive so oft in vain,
And when the Prize will scarce reward the pain.
If at the Play I in Fop-corner sit,
And with a squinting Eye glote o'er the pit,
Or View the Boxes, you begin to fear,
And fanfie streight some Rival Beauty there;
If any looks on me, you think you spy
A private Assignation in her Eye,
A silent soft discourse in every Grace,
And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.

If I praise any one, you tear your hair,
 Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Despair.
 If discommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
 I strive to Cloak my Passion by the Cheat:
 If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
 Lye dull and lazy in your active Arms;
 If weak my voice, if pale my Looks appear,
 O then I languish for another Fair.
 Would I did sin, and you with Cause complain,
 For when we strive to shun, yet strive in vain,
 'Tis Comfort sure to have deserv'd the pain.
 But sure fond Fancies now such heats engage,
 Your credulous peevish humour spoils your Rage;
 In frequent Chidings I no force can see,
 You frown too often to prevail with me:
 The Ass grows dull by Stripes, the constant blow
 Beats off his briskness, and he moves but slow.
 But now I'm lavish of my kind Embrace,
 And *Moll* forsooth supplies her Lady's place!
 Kind Love forbid that I should stoop so low,
 What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?

A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high,
My Quarry is a Miss of Quality.

Fy, who would clasp a Slave, who joy to feel
Her hands of Iron, and her sides of Steel?

'Twill damp an eager thought, 'twill check my mind
To feel those knubs the Lash hath left behind.

Besides she dresses well, with lovely grace,
She sets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;

Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,

And make me more enamour'd of my Love:

Then why should I tempt her? and why betray

Thy usefull Slave, and have her turn'd away?

I swear by *Venus*, by Love's darts and Bow,

A desperate Oath, you must believe me now;

I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*Englisht By Mr. Creech.**To Corinna's Chamber-maid.*

Dear skilfull *Betty*, who dost far excell
 My Lady's other Maids in dressing well:
 Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
 To *Juno's* Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
 Gentile, well bred, not rustically coy,
 Not easie to deny desired Joy.
 Through whose soft Eyes still secret wishes shine,
 Fit for thy Mistress Use, but more for mine;
 Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret see,
 Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
 Yet when she chid me for my kind Embrace,
 Did any guilty Blush spread o'er my Face?
 Did I betray thee, Maid, or could she spy
 The least Confession in my conscious Eye?
 Not that I think it a disgrace to prove
 Stolen sweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.

Achilles

Achilles wanton'd in *Briseis* Armes;

Atrides bow'd to fair *Cassandra's* Charms.

Sure I am less than these, then what can bring
Disgrace to me, that so became a King?

But when she lookt on you, poor harmless Maid
You blusht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout defence,

I swore, and lookt as bold as Innocence:

Damme, I gad, all that, and let me dye;

Kind *Venus*, do not hear my perjury,

Kind *Venus*, stop thy Ears when Lovers lye.

Now, *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?

Come prethee lets compound for more delight,

Faith I am easie, and but ask a Night.

What! Start at the proposal? how! deny?

Pretend fond Fears of a Discovery?

Refuse lest some sad Chance the thing betray?

Is this your kind, your damn'd Obliging way?

Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll swear no more,

Corinna now shall know thou art a Whore;

I'll tell, since you my fair Address forbid,

How often, when, and where, and what we did.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*Englisbed By Another Hand.**To his Mistres's Maid.*

THou to whom ev'ry Artfull dress is known,
 Fit to attend on *Goddeffes* alone,
 Whom I in stoln delights have found so free,
 Fit for your Mistress, but more fit for Me:
 Tell me, O tell the false Discoverers
 Of our past Joys, and all our tender hours.
 Yet did I blush? Or did my Language move
 The least Suspicion of our conscious Love?
 What tho I tax'd the man with want of sense,
 Whose generous Love cou'd with the Maid dispence?
 Did not *Achilles* fair *Briseis* love,
 And *Greece's* King his Captive's Vassal prove?
 Am I then greater than brave *Peleus* Son,
 That I should scorn the thing which Kings have done?
 But when on you she fix't her angry Eyes,
 Your Cheeks confest the Crime your Tongue denies.

While

While my more settl'd Soul the Fact disproves,
 And makes the Gods the Patrons of our Loves.
 (But O ye Gods forgive the Injury,
 And spare so sweet, so harmless Perjury.)
 Then what Reward is to such Service due?
 Be kind, my Dear, and let's our Joys renew.
 Ingratefull Maid! can you here feign delay?
 More than my Passion, shall her Anger sway?
 Should your nice Folly still deny Access,
 I'll turn Informer, and my self confess;
 Een where we were, how oft, and what was done,
 Both to your Mistress, and the World I'll own.

ELEGY the NINTH.

Englisbed By the late Earl of Rochester.

To Love.

O Love how cold and slow to take my part,
 Thou idle wanderer about my heart?
 Why thy old faithfull Souldier wilt thou see
 Opprest in thy own Tents? they murder me.

Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy friends,
Rather on foes pursue more noble ends.

Achilles Sword would certainly bestow

A cure as certain, as it gave the blow.

Hunters who follow flying Game, give o'er

When the prey's caught, hopes still lead on before.

We thine own slaves feel thy Tyrannick blows,

Whilst thy tame hand's unmov'd against thy foes.

On men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?

And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.

Millions of dull men live, and scornfull Maids,

We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.

Rome from each corner of the wide World snatch't

A Laurel, or 't had been to this day thatcht.

But the old Souldier has his resting place,

And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass.

The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a wretch to please,

Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her ease.

For me then who have truly spent my blood

(Love) in thy service and so boldly stood

In *Celia's* trenches, wer't not wisely done

E'en to retire and live at peace at home?

No—might I gain a Godhead to disclaim
 My glorious Title to my endless Flame,
 Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
 Such sweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
 When e'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind;
 Headlong I'm hurl'd like horsemen, who in vain
 Their (fury flaming) Coursers would restrain;
 As Ships just when the harbour they attain
 Are snatcht by sudden blasts to Sea again;
 So Loves fantastick storms reduce my heart
 Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his dart.
 Strike here, this undefended bosome wound,
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
 You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my heart.
 What wretch can bear a live-long Nights dull rest,
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest?
 Fool——is not sleep the Image of pale Death,
 There's time for rest when Fate hath stopt your breath.
 Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive,
 I'm happy in my hopes while I believe:

Now

Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
 With doubtfull steps the God of War does move,
 By thy Example in Ambiguous Love.
 Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring?
 Yet at thy Mother's and thy slaves request,
 Fix an eternal Empire in my breast:
 And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
 Whose wilfull scorn does Lovers vex,
 Submit their hearts before thy Throne,
 The Vassal world is then thy own.

ELEGY the TWELVTH
Englisbed By Mr. Creech.

Triumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
 I'm *Victor* now, my dear *Corinna's* mine.
 As she was hard to get, a carefull spy,
 A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
 Long time preserv'd her troublesome Chastity.

Now

Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
 And won my Prey without a drop of Bloud :
 'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Bars,
 (Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars;) ng,
 No 'twas a Whore, a lovely Whore I took, ng?
 I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
 When Ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atrides got? how small his share of Fame?
 But none pretends a part in what I won,
 The Victory's mine, the Glory all my own.
 I in this Conquest was the General,
 The Souldier, Engine, Horse and Foot, and all.
 Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no share,
 Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
 I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love,
 For *Helen*, *Europe*, and all *Asia* strove:
 The Centaures rudely threw their Tables o'er,
 And spilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
 The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
 Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
 The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
 And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.

For

For one fair Cow I've seen two Bulls engage,
 Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their rage.
 Ev'n I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so.)
 As most men are, must be his Souldier too.
 Yet I no bloody Conquerer shall prove,
 My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

ELEGY the NINETEENTH.
Englished By Mr. Dryden.

IF for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
 Watch her for me that I may love her more ;
 What comes with ease we nauseously receive,
 Who but a Sot wou'd scorn to love with leave ?
 With hopes and fears my Flames are blown up higher,
 Make me despair, and then I can desire.
 Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind,
 Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,
 Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still new :

She

She, that next night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home ;
 Or some pretence to lye alone wou'd take,
 When e'er she pleas'd her head and teeth wou'd ake :
 Till having won me to the highest strain,
 She took occasion to be sweet again.
 With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd !
 How every kifs was dearer than the last !

Thou whom I now adore be edify'd,
 Take care that I may often be deny'd.
 Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
 Make me lye rough on Bulks each other Night.
 These are the Arts that best secure thy reign,
 And this the Food that must my Fires maintain.
 Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall,
 In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
 Had *Danae* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
 When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Jo's* Shape,
 The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap.

Let him who loves an easie Whetstone Whore,
 Pluck leaves from Trees, and drink the Common Shore
 The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest blow,
 A truth which I by sad Experience know.
 The kind poor constant Creature we despise,
 Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,
 Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware;
 If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
 Or Windows scratcht, suspect a Rival there;
 An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad,
 Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
 In short be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
 And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
 The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
 I scorn to strike, but when he Wards the blow.
 Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Conniving,
 I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;
 I have been patient and forborn thee long,
 In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy wrong:

If no Affront can rouse thee, understand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy House and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?
Doe somewhat I may wish thee at the Devil.
For shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,
A Pimping Husband is too much in reason.

Once more wear horns before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof I rest thy Cuckold-maker.

SEVERAL



SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK III.

ELEGY the FOURTH

To A Man that lockt up his Wife.

Englisht By Sir Ch. Sedley.

VEx not thy self and her, vain Man, since all
By their own Vice, or Vertue stand or fall.
She's truly chaste and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill, as well as fears the shame:
And that vile Woman whom restraint keeps in
Though she forbear the Act, has done the Sin.

She,

Spies, Locks and Bolts may keep her brutal part,
 But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her heart.
 They that have Freedom use it least, and so
 The power of ill does the design o'erthrow.
 Provoke not Vice by a too harsh restraint,
 Sick men long most to drink, who know they may'nt.
 The fiery Courser, whom no Art can stay
 Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey :
 And he that did the rudest Arme disdain,
 Submits with Quiet to the looser rein.
 An hundred Eyes had *Argos*, yet the while
 One silly Maid did all those Eyes beguile.
Danae though shut within a brasen Tower,
 Felt the Male virtue of the Golden shower :
 But chaste *Penelope*, left to her own will
 And free disposal, never thought of ill ;
 She to her absent Lord preserv'd her truth,
 For all th' Addresses of the smoother Youth.
 What's rarely seen our fancy magnifies,
 Permitted pleasure who does not despise ?
 Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
 Men strive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.

L

They're

They're wondrous charms we think, and long to know,
That in a Wife inchant a Husband so:
Rage, Swear and Curse, no matter, shee alone
Pleases who sighs and cryes I am undone;
But could thy Spies say we have kept her chaste?
Good Servants then but an ill Wife thou hast.
Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
Where it is monstrous to be fair and Chaste,
And not one Inch of either Sex lies waste.
Wouldst thou be happy? with her ways comply,
And in her Case lay poynts of honour by:
The Friendship she begins wisely improve,
And a fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
So shalt thou wellcome be to Every treat,
Live high, not pay, and never run in debt.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Ovid's Dream.

T Was night, and sleep had clos'd my wearied eyes
 When dreadfull Visions did my Soul surprise.
 Under an open Hill I dreamt there stood
 A stately visionary Oaken Wood;
 Which flocks of Birds continually receives
 In to the Shady Covert of its leaves:
 Beyond a Meadow lay to sleeping view,
 Which murmuring Waters constantly bedew;
 The pleasant Virdure of th' extended Plain
 Those murmuring Waters constantly maintain.
 Within the Wood I thought my self to shade
 From Heat, but Heat did even the Woods invade;
 When Lo! a Cow, imaginary white,
 Did seem to feed within my fancy's sight;
 With a promiscuous Bite she did devour
 The tender Herb mixt with the springing Flower;

The purest Fleece of silent Waters ne'er
Cou'd boast a White that cou'd with Hers compare,
When fresh, unfulli'd, on the Earth it lay,
And was not melted by too long a stay ;
Nay whiter far than Milk squeez'd from the Tett,
That seem'd to quit the Udder with regret,
Whilst murmuring Bubbles wrinkle its smooth Face,
Being rudely forc'd to leave its native place.
By Her a Bull, her happy Lover, fed,
And they together made the Earth their Bed ;
But as He lay and recall'd herbs did eat,
And feast on his before digested meat,
The Lover seem'd with heavy sleep oppress'd,
And did incline his horney Head to rest :
Mean time a Crow, that cut the yielding air,
Th' Occasion took, and thither did repair ;
By the white Cow the wing'd Ill-Omen stood,
And with new Passion fir'd her wanton blood :
Thrice with his saucy Beak her breast did gore,
And from her Neck her silver Hair he tore ;
She seem'd her Mate and Pasture loath to leave,
(Yet on her Breast a spot I did perceive)

And when far off she grazing did espy
 Another Herd, I'm sure they graz'd not nigh,
 To them she went, thinking relief might be
 In fresher Pasture, and fresh Company.
 Tell me, O tell me, ye that can reveal
 The fatal Truths that boding Dreams conceal,
 What's thus obscurely to my Fancy brought
 In Hieroglyphicks made of sleeping Thought?
 So I. So did th' experienc'd Augur say,
 Who did each Circumstance exactly weigh.
 The scorching Heat that you so vainly strove
 To exclude with Leaves, was your prevailing Love.
 The Cow your Mistress was; for what cou'd be
 By such a lovely Creature meant but She?
 The Bull her happy Yoke-fellow, and Mate,
 Did figure you in your unrival'd state.
 The Crow that seem'd the Heifers Breast to gore
 Was a damn'd Bawd that urg'd her to turn Whore.
 Your Mistress as she left you did bemoan
 You in a Widow'd Bed left cold, alone.
 The Spot on her white Breast, I fear, will be
 A sign of violated Chastity.

Thus spake the wise Interpreter, when I,
 Pale with Despair and Grief, resolv'd to dye:
 Had not the Vision, that did wound my Sight,
 Kindly dissolv'd into the shades of Night.

ELEGY the SIXTH

To a River, as he was going to his Mistress.

Englisbed By Mr. Rimer.

THy course, thy noble course a while forbear,
 I am in haste now going to my Dear:
 Thy banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy praise!
 Alas my haste! sweet River, let me pass.
 No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
 Or Rope to hawl me to the farther shoar?
 I have remembred thee a little one,
 Who now with all this floud com'st blundring down.
 Did I refuse my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
 To spurr along, and must I here attend?
 No art to help me to my Journeys end!

Ye *Lapland* powers, make me so far a Witch,
 I may a-stride get over on a switch.
 Oh for some Griffin, or that flying Horse,
 Or any Monster to assist my Course:
 I wish his art that mounted to the Moon,
 In shorter journey wou'd my job be done.
 Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards devise,
 Or name their lewd unconscionable lyes?
 Good River, let me find thy courtesie,
 Keep within bounds, and mayst thou ne'er be dry.
 Thou can'st not think it such a mighty boast,
 A Torrent has a gentle Lover crost.
 Rivers shou'd rather take the Lovers side;
 Rivers themselves Love's wondrous power have try'd.
 'Twas on this score *Inachus*, pale and wan,
 Sickly, and green into the Ocean ran:
 Long before *Troy* the ten-years siege did fear,
 Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neara's* chains didst wear.
 Ask *Achelöus* who his horns did drub,
 Streight he complains of *Hercules's* club.
 For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
 Was then contested such outrageous fray?

(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)

Deianira, it was all for thee.

E'en *Nile* so rich, that rows through seven wide doors,

And uppish over all his Country scowrs ;

For *Asop's* Daughter did such flame contract,

As not by all that stock of waters slack't.

I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,

But must not pass by thee, immortal *Thame* ;

E'er thou could'st *Isis* to thy bosome take,

How did'st thou wind, and wander for her sake?

The lusty ——— with broad *Humber* strove,

Was it for Fame? I say, it was for Love.

What makes the noble *Ouz* up from the main

With hideous roar come bristling back again?

He thinks his dearest *Derwent* left behind,

Or fears her false, in new Embraces joyn'd.

Thee also some small Girl has warm'd, we guess,

Thô woods and forests now hide thy soft place.

Whilst this I speak, it swells, and broader grows,

And o'er the highest banks impetuous flows.

Dog-floud what art to me? Or why dost check

Our mutual Joys? And (Churle) my journey break?

What

What wou'dst, if thee indeed some noble race,
 Or high descent, and glorious name did grace?
 When of no ancient house, or certain feat
 (Nor, known before this time untimely, great)
 Rais'd by some sudden Thaw thus high and proud,
 No holding thee, ill-manner'd upstart Floud.
 Not my Love-*tales* can make thee stay thy course,
 Thou——Zounds, thou art a——River for a horse.
 Thou hadst no Fountain, but from Bears wer't pift,
 From Snows and Thaws, or *Scotch* unsavoury mist.
 Thou crawlst along, in Winter foul and poor,
 In Summer puddl'd like a Common-shore.
 In all thy days when did'st a courtesie?
 Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a lip to thee.
 Thee bane to Cattel, to the Meadows worse,
 For something, all, I, for my sufferings, curse.
 To such unworthy wretch, how am I sham'd,
 That I the generous amorous Rivers nam'd?
 When *Nile*, and *Achelöus* I display'd,
 And *Thame*, and *Ouz*, what worm was in my head?
 For thy reward, discourteous River, I
 Wish, be the Summers hot, the Winters dry.

ELEGY

ELEGY the NINTH

*Upon the Death of Tibullus.**Englified By Mr. Stepny.*

IF *Memnon's* fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
 Does, with the Day, his Mothers grief renew;
 If her Son's death mov'd tender *Thetis* mind
 To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
 If mighty Gods can Mortals sorrow know,
 And be the humble partners of our woe.
 Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
 (Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus once the joy and pride of Fame
 Lives now, rich fuell on the trembling flame.
 Sad *Cupid* now despairs of conqu'ring hearts,
 Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
 Eases his useless Bows from idle strings;
 Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.

He

He wants, of which he rob'd fond Lovers, rest;
And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.

Those gracefull Curles which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling Snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lye
Drunk with rhe fountain from his melting Eye.
Not more *Æneas* loss the Boy did move,
Like passions for them both prove Equal love.

Tibullus Death grieves the fair Goddess more,
More swells her eyes, than when the savage Bore
Her beautifull, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heaven's noblest stamps do bear
(Poets the watchfull Angels darling care)

Yet Death (Blind Archer) that no diff'rence knows,
Without respect his, roving Arrows throws.

Nor *Phœbus*, nor the Muses Queen could give,
Their Son, their own prerogative, do Live.

Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents skill,

Tam'd wondring beasts, not Deaths more cruel will.

Linus sad strings on the dumb Lute do lie,

In silence forc't to let their Master die.

Homer (the spring, to whom We Poets owe
Our little All, does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal onely in his Fame,
His Works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay.
Worship their sleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and stops the Praying breath.
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And dragg you from the Altar to the Tomb.

Go, frantick Poet, with delusions fed,
Think Laurels guard your Consecrated head,
Now the sweet Master of your art is dead.
What can we hope ? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, Great Man.
The bold, rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair *Venus* (fair e'en in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His Mother weeping doth his eye-lids close,
And on his Urn Tears, her last gift, bestows.

His Sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
Part of her Mothers Nature and her Tears.

With these two fair, two mournfull Rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his Tomb:

Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Ashes kiss,
And both contend which reapt the Greater blifs.

Thus *Delia* spoke, (when sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;

" When Youth with Vigour did for joy combine,

" I was *Tibullus* life, *Tibullus* mine;

" I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,

" And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.

To her then *Nemesis* (when groans gave leave)

" As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve;

" Spare your vain tears, *Tibullus* heart was mine,

" About my Neck his dying arms did twine;

" I snatcht his Soul, which true to me did prove;

" Age ended Yours, Death onely stopt my Love.

If any poor remains survive the flames
Except thin shadows, and more empty names;

Free

Free in *Elysium* shall *Tibullus* rove,
Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
There shall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays impart
To his far dearer Friend his open heart.
There *Gallus* (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our Poets blest Companions be,
And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
But thou, rich Urn, obey my strict commands,
Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, *Tibullus* Ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easie as his Muse.

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

*To his Mistress, desiring her that (if she will
be false to him) she wou'd manage her In-
trigues with Secresie.*

Englished By Mr. Tate.

I Can allow such charmes, Inconstancy ;
But prethee hide your am'rous Thefts from me.
I never meant your pleasures to confine,
Jilt privately, and I shall ne'er repine.
She's Innocent that can her Crime deny,
And makes no fault till the discovery :
'Tis madness your own frailty to betray,
And what you stole by Night confesses by Day :
What shameless trading Punk of this lewd Age,
But will secure the Door e'er she Engage?
Yet thou tak'st pride to publish thy own shame,
Unjust to me, but falser to thy fame.
Be wiser, and if chaste thou canst not grow,
Pretend at least, and I'll believe thee so.

Doe

Doe what thou do'st, but still forswear it all,
And from thy Tongue let modest language fall.
You have your *Grotto*, your convenient shade.
A place for Loves most free Enjoyments made.
(Remov'd from thence a modest Carriage take,
And with your Bed your loose desires forsake,)
But there undress thee in thy Lover's sight,
And Sally naked to the wanton fight;
Fast wreath'd in your Embraces let him lye,
And in your Bosoms sweet transported Dye;
Your softest Language, tenderest sighs, employ,
And let the trembling Bed confess your Joy:
But grow reserv'd when the loose Scene is done,
And with your Robes a modest Meen put on;
Impose upon the Crowd, impose on me,
Whilst Ignorant, I shall not Injur'd be.
Why do I see your Billets come and go?
Your Pallet prest, your Bed disorder'd too?
Your loose and ruffled Hair each Morning seems,
T' imply a busie Night, and more than dreams;
The am'rous warmth still glowing on the cheek,
And prints of eager kisses on your Neck.

At

At least I wou'd not an Eye-witness be:
Spare if thou canst thy Fame, if not spare me!
When by your self your loose Intrigues are told,
My sense forsakes me, and my blood grows cold!
'Tis then I rage by fits with Love and State,
And madly wish on both a sudden Fate.
Pursue your Trade, but let me never see't,
And I shall ne'er enquire what Fops you meet;
"If you with Wheedles or with Cullies sleep;
"What Terms you've made; whether y'are kept or
Easie thy Conquest is, when but to say (keep.
I have not don't, takes all my rage away:
Thus still thy Cause shall for its merit speed,
Or by the favour of thy Judge, Succeed.

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

*He desires his Mistress if she does Cuckold
him not to let him know it.*

Englisbed By another Hand.

I Do not ask you wou'd to me prove true,
Since your a woman and a fair one two.
Act what you please, yet study to disguise
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A stiff denial will attenuate
That Crime which your confession would make great:
And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-tale light,
With the dark Secrets of the silent night.
Thô bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
E'er she begins, will shut the Chamber door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At least seem vertuous, and thô false it be,
Say you are honest and I'll credit thee.

Conceal

Conceal your Actions, and while I am by
 Let modest words your looser Thoughts bely.
 When to your private Chamber you retire,
 Unmask your lust, and vent each warm desire.
 Throw off affected Coyness, and remove
 The bold intruder between thee and love:
 Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aside,
 In men 'tis folly, and in women pride:
 There without Blushes you may naked lye
 Clasping his Body with your tender Thigh;
 Shoot your moist Dart into his mouth to show
 The Sense you have of what he Acts below.
 Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies Twine
 In folds more strange than those of *Aretine*:
 With melting looks fierce Joys you may Excite,
 And with thick dying Accents urge delight.
 But when you're drest then look as Innocent,
 As if you knew not what such matters meant:
 And tho' just now a perfect fiend you were,
 Hide the true woman and a Saint appear.
 Cozen the prying Town, and put a cheat
 On it and me, I'll favour the deceit.

False as thou art why must I daily see
 Th' Intriguing Billet Deux he sends to thee ?
 The wanton Sonnet or soft Elegy ?
 Why does your Bed all tumbled seem to say,
 See what they've done, see where the Lovers lay ?
 Why do your Locks and rumpled Head-cloaths shew
 'Twas more than usual sleep that made 'em so ?
 Why are the kisses which he gave betray'd,
 By the Impression which his teeth had made ?
 Yet say your chaste and I'll be still deceiv'd,
 What much is wish'd for, is with ease believ'd.
 But when you own what a lewd wretch thou art,
 My blood grows cold and freezes at my heart.
 Then do I curse thee and thy Crimes reprove,
 But Curse in vain, for still I find I love.
 Since she is false, oft to my self I cry,
 Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'de dye.
 I will not see your Maid to let me know
 Who visits you, where and with whom you go.
 Nor by your lodging send my Boy to scout,
 And bring me word who passes in and out.

Injoy the pleasure of the present times,
But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
Do you forswear't thô in the Act you're caught,
I'll trust the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

E L E G Y the F I R S T
Of the Second Book.

That He can write of nothing but Love.
Englisbed By Mr. Adams.

THis too I sing (this Love commanded too)
I who thus kindly my own lewdness shew;
Hence the unfashionably vertuous Maid,
Such Scenes must not on such a Stage be play'd;
Me the brisk Wife by her dull Husband read,
I'll raise their fancy, and Improve their breed:
Me the raw Youth whose Breast first flames do move,
Unknown to care, and unexpert of Love.
The more experienc't who my Wounds have known,
Here in my sufferings may discern their own.

Then wondring say, how could this Poet tell
The several chances of my Love so well!

Once I remember in a Nobler strain
I rais'd my Voice, nor did I sing in vain:
I sung of Gyants, and of Wars above,
How Impious *Earth* reveng'd her self on *Jove*;
While her Vile off-spring in Rebellion rise,
And Mountains heapt on Mountains storm'd the skyes:
And now I would describe the War, and now
I'd shew what *Jove* could for his Heaven doe.
When the lov'd Maid, who did with trembling hear
The founding Numbers, shut me out for fear,
Jove and his Thunder soon away I threw,
Jove and his Thunder here could little doe;
I chose soft Measures such as Love inspire,
And warn the wishing Maid into desire:
Sweet Elegy my own my faithfull Arms,
And soon the door grew softer to my Charms;
Charms w^{ch} from Heav'n force down the bloody Moon,
And stop the Coursers of the Sun at Noon;
Charms which the swelling Serpent burst in twain,
And turn the Rivers to their Springs again.

Should

Should my great Theme some mighty Hero be,
 What could that mighty Hero doe for me?
 But when the Beauties of some lovely Maid
 In my just lines are faithfully display'd;
 She kindly, she the Poet's Pains regards,
 And oft her praises with her self rewards;
 Ah who! who would not be rewarded so!
 Farewell ye Hero's, I am not for you:
 Let every Charming Maid to me repair,
 'Tis I, know best how to oblige the Fair;
 Here Loves kind heat each tender breast shall move
 In Gentle Verse, Verse dictated by Love.

ELEGY the FIFTEENTH

Of the Second Book.

On a Ring sent to his Mistress.

Englished By Mr. Adams.

THou that the finger of my Fair shalt bind,
 In whom the Giver's Love she'll onely find,
 Go, but accepted be, accepted so
 That on her Joynt thou presently may'st go;

Fit her as well as I am us'd to do,
When round her Waste, my Circling Armes I throw.
By my *Corinna* thou'lt oft handled be,
Ah happy Ring! how do I envy thee?
O that my Guift I quickly might be made,
By some strange Witchcraft, or some Magick aid;
Then would I wish her swelling breasts she'd feel,
While from her lovely hand I'de flyely steal,
Off would I drop, thô sticking fast before,
And kiss the Snowey Bosome I adore:
Then would I wish I might her Signet be,
And that the Wax from sticking might be free;
From her fair mouth I'de humid kisses steal,
And every Letter bite my Rival's seal:
But most I'de wish she would me with her bear,
When to the Bath she'd secretly repair;
Yet Then! O Then! I should my self betray
While I her Naked Armes her Breasts survey,
While my devouring Eye would wander lower,
I should rise Man and be a Ring no more.
In Vain I wish, go, little Present, go,
By thee my Love, my Faith by thee she'll know.

W. PART OF
VIRGIL'S
IV. *GEORGICK.*

Englished By the E. of M.

TIs not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown,
The wretched *Orpheus* brings these judgments
Whose wife avoiding to become thy prey, (down;)
And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to pass,
Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the grass:
A mournfull noise the spacious Vally fills,
With echoing cries from all the Neighbouring hills;
The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep despair,
And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;

T
All

All o'er the lonely sands did wildly stray,
And with sad Songs begin and end the day.
At last to Hell a frightfull journey made,
Pass'd the wide gaping Gulph and dismall shade;
Visits the Ghosts, and to that King repairs,
Whose heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
Hell seems astonish'd with so sweet a Song,
Light Souls, and airie Spirits slide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night or some tempestuous wind;
Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
And mighty Heroes more majestick Shades;
Sons burnt before their mournfull Parents face,
Styx does all these in narrow bounds embrace
Nine times with loathsome mud, and noysome weeds,
And all the filth which standing water breeds:
Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
And the great Dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.
Now safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His Spouse restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,

Following,

Following, for so *Proserpina* was pleas'd,
 A sudden rage th' unwary Lover seiz'd ;
 He when the first bright glimps of daylight shin'd,
 Unmindfull, and impatient, look't behind,
 A fault of Love, could Hell compassion find.
 A dreadfull noise thrice shook the *Stygian* coast,
 His hopes now fled, and all his labour lost.
 Why hast thou thus undone thy self and me?
 What madness this? Again I'm snatch't from thee,
 She faintly cry'd; Night, and the powers of Hell
 Surround my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell:
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
 But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
 No more allow'd to behold him or day;
 Then from his sight like smoak she slipp'd away.
 Much he would fain have spoke, but Fate, alas,
 Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
 Thus twice undone, what course now could he take
 To redeem her already pass'd the Lake?
 How bear his loss? what tears procure him ease?
 Or with what vows the angry Powers appease?

'Tis said, he seven long months bewail'd his loss
 On bleak and barren Rocks, on whose cold moss,
 While languishing he Sung his Fatal flame,
 He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
 So the sad *Nightingale*, when Childless made
 By some rough Swain who steals her young away,
 Bewails her loss under a Poplar shade,
 Weeps all the night, in murmurs wafts the day;
 Her sorrow does a mournfull pleasure yield,
 And melancholly musick fills the Field.
 Marriage, nor Love could ever move his mind,
 But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
 Shivering on *Tanais* Snowey banks remain'd,
 Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
 As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
 Kill'd the poor Youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
 His Head torn off from the fair body swims,
 Down that swift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
 And still his Tongue in dolefull accents goes;
 Ah, poor *Euridice*, it dying cry'd,
Euridice resounds from every side.

THE
PARTING
OF
SIRENO and DIANA.
Englisbed By Sir C. Scrope.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sireno and Diana having lov'd each other with a most violent passion, Sireno is compell'd, upon the Account of his Master's service, to go for some time into a Foreign Country. The Melancholly parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following Eclogue.

C Lose by a stream, whose flowry bank might give
Delight to Eyes that had no Cause to grieve,
The sad *Sireno* fate, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;

Since

Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
 From her dear Sight, who long had Charm'd his heart.
 Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
 That gave him first what this must take away ;
 Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
 And nought forgot that might increase his pain.
 Then with a sigh raising his heavy Eyes,
 Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he spies ;
 Sad as she was, she lost no usual Grace,
 But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the place :
 Thither she came to take her last Farewell,
 Her silent Look did her sad Business tell.
 Under a Neighbouring Tree they fate 'em down,
 Whose shade had oft preserv'd 'em from the Sun ;
 Each took the other by the willing hand,
 Striving to speak, but could no word Command :
 With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
 The much they had to say had made 'em dumb.
 There many a time they two had met before,
 But met, alas ! upon a happier score :
 Cruel reverse of Fate, which all the Joys
 Their mutual presence us'd to bring destroys.

Sireno saw his Fatal hour draw near,
 And wanted strength the parting pang to bear;
 All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
 And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd;
 Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
 And gave him leave faintly at last to say,

S I R E N O.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
 That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
 Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
 That wou'd not vanish at the sight of thee?
 Thy Charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispell,
 Let but *Diana* smile, and all was well.
 Absent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
 And yet, alas! I dye to see thee now.

D I A N A.

Turn, O *Sireno*! turn away thy Face,
 While all her shame a blushing Maid betrays;
 For though my Eyes a secret pain reveal,
 My tongue at least shou'd my fond thoughts conceal:
 Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking doe me good,
 And since it is to thee, methinks it shou'd.

O Shep-

O Shepherd think how wretched I shall be,
 When hither I return depriv'd of thee !
 When sitting all alone within this shade,
 Which thou so oft thy tender Choice hast made,
 I reade my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
 Of our past Love the kind affecting mark ;
 Then my despairing Soul to death must fly,
 And must thou be content to let me dye ?
 Why dost thou weep ? Alas ! those Tears are vain,
 Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us Complain.
 By this the Falshood of thy Vows I know,
 For were thy sorrow true, thou wou'dst not go.

S I R E N O.

Cease, cruel Nymph, such killing Language cease,
 And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
 Witness ye Everlasting Powers above
 That never Shepherd bore a truer Love !
 With thee I wish 't had been my happy doom.
 With thee alone to spend my Life to come ;
 That we now part is by no Fault of mine,
 Nor yet, my dearest Shepherdess, of thine ;

For as no Faith did ever mine excell,
 So never any Nymphi deserv'd so well.
 But the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
 'Tis his Command that forces me away;
 What ever he ordains none dare refuse,
 I must my Joy, or else my Honour loose:
 Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
 Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

D I A N A.

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
 How fond she is that can believe Mankind;
 Who such Excuses for himself pretends
 Will eas'ly bear the absence he defends.
 A little time, I fear, will quite deface
 Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:
 Fool that I was my weakness to betray,
 To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
 Go, cruel Man, imbarck when e'er you please,
 But take this with you as you pass the Seas;
 Tho' with the fiercest Winds the Waves should roar,
 That Tempest will be less than mine on Shore.

S I R E N O.

'Tis hard unjust suspicions to abide,
 But who can such obliging Anger chide?
 Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
 My heart to this degree without thy Love:
 For 'tis thy tender sense of my sad Fate,
 That does my sharpest, deadly'st pain create.
 Ah fear not, to what place so'er I go,
 That I shall ever break my sacred Vow:
 When for another I abandon thee,
 May Heav'n, for such a Crime, abandon me.

D I A N A.

If ever I my dearest Swain deceive,
 Or violate the Faith that here I give:
 When to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
 May the fresh Grass still wither where they tread;
 And may this River, when I come to drink,
 Dry up as soon as I approach the brink.
 Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
 And when for me thou canst a minute spare,
 Remember this poor pledge was once a part
 Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.

Where

Where e'er thou go'st may Fortune deal with thee
 Better than thou, alas! hast dealt with me.
 Farewell, my Tears will give me leave to say
 No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
 These weeping Eyes may once enjoy the sight,
 Before they close in Deaths eternal Night.

S I R E N O.

Then let *Sireno* banish all his fears,
 Heaven cannot long resist such pious Tears.
 The Righteous Gods, from whom our passion came,
 Will pity (sure) so innocent a Flame;
 Reverse the hard Decree for which we mourn,
 And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
 I shall again my Charming Nymph behold,
 And never part, but in her Armes grow old:
 That hope alone my breaking heart sustains,
 And Arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

THE
STORY of *LUCRETIA*
OUT OF
Ovid *de Fastis*. Book II.
Englisbed By Mr. Creech.

NOW *Tarquin* the last King did Govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, thô fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, some he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit ;
For of his Three brave Youths his youngest Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child Outright pretends a flight,
And came amidst the Enemies by Night ;
They drew their Swords, Come kill me now he said,
My Father will rejoyce to see me dead :
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true he had been whipt before)

The men grow mild, they sheath their threatening swords
 And view his wounds, and those confirm his words :
 Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs resents
 And begs to side with them, and he consents.

Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in Trust,
 The first occasion sought to be unjust,
 And the unthinking *Gabin's* Town betray,
 Consults his Father for the surest way.

There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
 A little Spring ran through the pleasant Bowers,
 The soft retreat of *Tarquin's* thinking hours.

There when the message came he chanc't to stand,
 And lopt the tallest Lilies with his wand :

With that the Messenger return'd, and said,

I saw your Father crop the lofty head

Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;

Well, says the Son, I know what I must doe,

And streight the Nobles kill'd ; When those were gone

He soon betray'd the poor defenceless Town.

When lo (a wond'rous sight) a Serpent came,

And snatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;

Phæbus advis'd, and thus the Answer ran
 He that shall kiss (for so the Fates ordain)
 His Mother first shall be the greatest man.
 Then streight with eager haste th' unthinking Crowd
 Their Mothers kiss't, nor understood the God.
 But wiser *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
 Lest *Tarquin* should suspect his rising Soul,
 Fell down, as if't had been a Casual fall,
 And kiss't his Mother Earth before them all.
 Now *Ardea* was besieg'd, the Town was strong,
 The men resolv'd, and so the Leaguer long:
 And whilst the Enemy did the War delay,
 Dissolv'd in Ease the careless Souldiers lay,
 And spent the vacant time in sport and play.
 Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feasts,
 The Captains treats, and thus bespeaks his Guests;
 Whilst we lye lingring in a tedious War,
 And far from Conquest tired out with Care,
 How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome*?
 And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
 Each speaks for his, each says I'll swear for mine,
 And thus a while they talkt, grown flush't with Wine;

At last Young *Collatine* starts up and cryes,
 What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;
 Away to *Rome*, for that's the safest Course,
 They all agree, so each man mounts his Horse.
 First to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
 No Watchmen there, and all the Gates unbar'd;
 Young *Tarquin's* Wife, her hair disorder'd lay
 And loose, was sitting there at Wine and play.
 Thence to *Lucretia's*, She a lovely Soul
 Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
 Sate midst her Maids, and as they wrought she said,
 Make haste, 'tis for my Lord as soon as made;
 Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
 How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
 Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
 Is rash, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
 Ah when I fancies that I see him fight,
 I swoon and almost perish with the fright.
 Then wept, and leaving her unfinished thread
 Upon her bosome lean'd her lovely head:
 All this became, gracefull her grief appears,
 And she, chaste Soul, lookt beauteous in her tears.

Her Face lookt well, by Natures art design'd,
 All charming fair, and fit for such a mind.
 I come, says *Collatine*, discard thy Fear,
 At that she streight reviv'd, and oh my Dear,
 She clasp't his neck, and hung a welcome burthen there.
 Mean while Young *Tarquin* gathers lustfull Fire,
 He burns and rages with a wild Desire ;
 Her Shape, her Lillie-white, and Yellow hair,
 Her natural Beauty, and her gracefull Air,
 Her words, her voice, and every thing does please,
 And all agree to heighten the disease ;
 That she was Chast doth raise his wishes higher,
 The less his hopes, the greater his Desire.
 But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
 Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
 His working Powers her absent Form restore,
 The more he minds her, still he loves the more ;
 'Twas thus she sate, thus spun, and thus was drest,
 And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her Breast ;
 Such was her Mein, and such each Air and Grace,
 And such the charming figure of her Face.

As when a furious storm is now blown o'er
 The Sea's still troubl'd, and the Waters roar
 And curle upon the Winds that blew before.
 So he thô gone the pleasing form retains
 The Fire her present Beauty rais'd remains ;
 He burns, and hurry'd by resistless Charms,
 Resolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
 I'll venture, let whatever fates attend,
 The daring bold have fortune for their friend ;
 By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome ;
 This said, he takes his Horse, and speeds for *Rome* ;
 The Sun was setting when he reach't the place,
 With more than Evening Blushes in his Face ;
 A Guest in shew, an Enemy in design
 He reach't the stately Court of *Collatine*,
 And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly Kin.
 How much are we deceiv'd ? She makes a Feast,
 And treats her Enemy as a Welcome Guest ;
 Now Supper's done, and sleep invites to Bed,
 And all was hush'd, as Natures self lay dead.
 The Lamps put out, and all for rest design'd,
 No Fire in all the House, but in his mind ;

He

He rose, and drew his Sword, with lustfull speed
 Away he goes to chaste *Lucretia's* Bed;
 And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
 For look, *Lucretia*, hear's my naked Sword;
 My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
 The King's young Son, his best beloved Son.
 Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
 As harmless Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
 Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an easie prey.
 Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
 She trembled, and she breath'd, and that was all:
 What could she doe? ah! could she strive? with whom?
 A Man! a Woman's easily o'ercome.
 Should she cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
 His violent Sword had quickly stopt her tongue.
 What should she strive to fly? that hope was gone,
 Young *Tarquin* held her fast, and kept her down.
 He prest her Bosome with a lustfull hand,
 That Chast, that Charming Breast then first prophan'd
 The Loving Foe still sues, resolv'd to gain
 With promise, threats, and Bribes: but all in vain

At last 'tis Folly to resist, he cry'd,
 My Love will rise to Rage, if long deny'd;
 For I'll accuse thee of unlawfull Lust,
 Kill thee, and swear, thô false, thy Death was Just.
 I'll stabb a Slave, and what's the worst of harms,
 Black Fame shall say I caught thee in his Arms.
 This Art prevail'd, she fear'd an injur'd name,
 And liv'd and suffer'd, to secure her Fame.
 Why dost thou smile, Triumphant Ravisher?
 This shamefull Victory shall cost thee dear.
 Thy ruine pay for this thy forc't delight,
 How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
 The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
 She blusht, and rose, and double Mourning wears,
 As for her onely Son, she sits in Tears.
 And for her Father, and her Husband sends,
 Each quickly hears the message, and attends.
 But when they came, and saw her drown'd in Tears,
 Amaz'd they askt the Cause, what violent Fears,
 What real ill did wound her tender mind;
 What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief design'd?

But

But she fate silent still, still sadly cry'd,
 And hid her blushing Face, and wept, and sigh'd.
 Both strive to Comfort, both lament her Fate,
 And fear some deadly Ill, they know not what.
 Thrice she would speak, thrice stopt, again she tries
 To speak her wrong, yet durst not raise her Eyes:
 This too on *Tarquin's* score, she cry'd, I place;
 I'll speak, I'll speak, ah me! my own disgrace,
 And what they could her modest words exprest,
 The last remain'd, her Blushes spoke the rest.
 Both weep, and both the forc't Offence forgive,
 In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
 The pity you bestow, nor can I live.
 This said, her fatal Dagger pierc't her side,
 And at her Father's feet she fell and dy'd.
 Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above
 As white, and Innocent as a Virgin Dove,
 Not spotted with one thought of Lawless Love.
 Yet as she fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
 The fall as modestly as she had liv'd.
 The Father o'er the Corpse, and Husband fall,
 And mourn, and both the common loss bewail.

While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came
And shew'd his Soul ill suited with his Name.

He graspt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,]

And as he held it thus devoutly swore;

yes By thee, by this thy Chast and Innocent Bloud,

: And by thy Ghost, which I'll esteem a God;

Tarquin, and all his Race shall be expell'd,

My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.

At that she rais'd her Eyes, she seem'd to bow

Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.

} The Pomp appears, and as it passes by

} The gaping Wound expos'd to publick view,

} Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and Justly drew

Curfes from every Heart, and Tears from every Eye.

Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the wrong,

ve) And tells them they endure the King too long:

} The King's expell'd, and Consuls they create,

And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. Dryden's

R E L I G I O L A I C I

BEgone you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;
Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing Sense,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do
Must be an Angel; But what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the *Pope* too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power assume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;

That

That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine ;
 Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heaven to Swine :
 What then have honest thinking men to doe,
 But chuse a mean between th' Usurping two ?

Nor can the *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame a Muse,
 Which for his firmness does his heat Excuse ;
 What ever Counsels have approv'd his Creed,
 The *PREFACE* sure was his own Act and Deed.
 Our Church will have that Preface read (You'll say,) }
 'Tis true, But so she will th' *Apocrypha* ; }
 And such as can believe them freely may. }

But did that *God* (so little understood)
 Whose *Darling* attribute is being good,
 From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
 Yet leave his *Favorite, Man*, his chiefest care,
 More wretched than the vilest Insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they ?
 If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey

To

To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
 In that sad place from whence is no return,
 For unbelief in one they never knew,
 Or for not doing what they could not doe !

The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
 (And so do all their followers that Rebell)
 If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,
 Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the way ?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
 Or the fain Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding Day
 (For He declares what He resolves to say)
 Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
 And save the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
 Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity profusely shown
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!

I'll err at least on the securer side,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride:

O

T O

To Mr. Dryden on his

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

THose Gods the pious Ancients did adore
They learn'd in Verse devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to use the common way
Of Talk when they did to such Beings pray.
Nay They that taught Religion first, thought fit
In Verse its sacred Precepts to transmit:
So *Solon* too did his first Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By these few Precedents we plainly see
The Primitive Design of Poetry ;
Which by restoring to its Native use,
You generously have rescu'd from Abuse.

Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet Numbers sing,
She vindicates her God, and God-like King.

Atheist, and Rebel too, She does oppose,
(God and the King have always the same Foes.)

Legions of Verse you raise in their defence,
And write the Factious to Obedience.

You the bold *Arian* to Arms desie,

A conquering Champion for the Deity
Against the Whigs first Parents, Who did dare
To disinherit God-Almighty's Heir.

And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* first began
Is carried on by the *Socinian*,

Who still Associates to keep God a Man.

But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone

To assert the Rights of God's, and Charles his Throne.

Whilst vulgar Poets purchase vulgar Fame
By chaunting *Cloris*, or fair *Phyllis* Name;

Their Reputation shall last as long,

As Boys and Ladies sing the amorous Song.

But sober Subject wisely they refuse,

For mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.

So Story tells, a Painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a Deity ;
And He, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art :
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,
The Thunderer such horror did beget,
That put the frighted Artist to a stand,
And made his Pensil drop from's baff'd Hand.

T H

THE XXII. ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.
Integer Vitæ, &c.

Vertue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The surest Guard is innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* sands or *Scythian* snows,
Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in *Sabin* Woods I stray'd,
A Grisly foaming Wolf, untied,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more Portentous size,
In the *Hercinian* forest lies ;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That *Neptune's* frozen Arms Embrace ;
Where Angry *Jove* did never spare
One breath of Kind and temperate Air.

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy *Africans* complain,
To see the Chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone the frozen Isles
Shall hear me sing of *Cælia's* smiles,
All cold but in her Breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that of *Cælia's* Eyes.

Roscomon.

T H E

THE VI. ODE
OF THE
THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.
Of the Corruption of the Times.

THose Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods Provoke,
And Statues sully'd yet with Sacraligious smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, gratefull Piety,
(As it rewarded their Respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let *Crassus* Ghost and *Labienus* tell
 How twice by *Jove's* revenge our Legions fell,
 And with insulting Pride
 Shining in *Roman* spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
 Had almost ruin'd *Rome*,
 While our Seditions took their part
 Fill'd each *Ægyptian* sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* dart.

First, those Flagitious times,
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
 Conspir'd to violate the Nuptial Bed
 From which polluted head,
 Infectious Streams of Crowding Sins began,
 And through the Spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a Ripe and Melting Maid,
 Bound Prentice to the Wanton Trade;
Ionian Artists at a mighty price
 Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice,

What

What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay,
And with an Early hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And scorns the Common mean design
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or snatch in some dark place
A hasty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the Brib'd Husband knows of all
And bids her Rise when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of Heirs,
Convenient Brutes, whose tributary flame,
Pays the full price of Lust, and guilds the lighted flame.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That Dy'd with *Punick* blood the Conquer'd Seas,

And

And quash't the stern *Æacides*;
 Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
 How weak his Gold was against *Europes* steel,
 Forc't e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield;
 And won the long disputed World at *Zamas* fatal Field.

But Souldiers of a Rustick Mould
 Rough, hardy, season'd, Manly, bold,
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
 Or through hewn Woods their weighty strokes did
 And after the declining Sun (sound.
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their Task was done
 Home with their weary Team they took their way,
 And drownd in friendly Bowles the labour of the day

Time sensibly all things impairs
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
 And we than Ours, next Age will see
 A Race more Profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Roscomon.

T H E

THE IV. ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE*.

COnquer'd with soft and pleasing Charmes
And never failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his frosty arms
To free the joyfull Spring ;
Which for fresh Loves with youthfull heat do's burn;
Warm South-winds court her, and with fruitfull showrs
Awake the drowfie flowers,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And onely fragrant Dews now fall :
The Ox forfakes his once warm Stall

To

To bask in th' Sun's much warmer beams ;
 The Plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his labr'ing Teams ;
 Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
 Nay tempted by the smiling sky
 Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore,
 Resolving once again to try
 The Wind and Seas Almighty power ;
 Choos'ing much rather to be dead than poor.

 Upon the flow'ry plains,
 Or under shady Trees,
 The Shepherdesses and their Swains
 Dance to their rural harmonies,
 Then steal in private to the covert Groves,
 There finish their well heighten'd loves.
 The City Dame takes this pretence
 (Weary of Husband and of innocence)
 To quit the smoak & business of the Town,
 And to her Country-house retires,
 Where she may bribe, then grasp some brawny clown,
 Or her appointed Gallant come

To

To feed her loose desires;
 Whilst the poor Cuckold by his sweat at home
 Maintains her Lust and pride:
 Blest as he thinks in such a beauteous bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
 Why should not we?
 Let's then accept our Mother Natures treat,
 And please our selves with all that's sweet;
 Let's to the shady Bowers,
 Where crown'd with gaudy flowers
 We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
 Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conquerer's death
 With the same freedom snatches a King's breath.
 He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
 To's unknown Grave.
 Tho' we each day with cost repair
 He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care,
 Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the strong,
 And he that lives the longest dyes but young;
 And once depriv'd of light
 We're wrapt in mists of endless Night.

Once

Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
So many strange Romantick tales of Old,
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold)

No more shall Mirth and Wine
Our loves and wits refine.

No more shall your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis so long you've priz'd:
Nay she too in the Grave
Shall lye like us despis'd.

T H E

THE IV. ODE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*.
Englisbed By Mr. Duke.

BLush not, my friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captives eyes do move:
Achilles once the Fierce, they Brave,
Stoopt to they Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmessa's charmes could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when success
Did all his Arms with Conquest blefs;
When *Hector's* fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.

You

You know not to what mighty line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn ;
See but the charmes her sorrow wears,
No common cause could draw such tears ;
Those streams sure that adorn her so
For loss of Royal kindred flow :
Oh ! think not so divine a thing
Could from the bed of Commons spring ;
Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the noblest Love disgrace.
Her blooming Face, her snowey Armes,
Her well shap't Leg, and all her charmes
Of her Body and her Face,
I, poor I, may safely praise.
Suspect not Love the youthfull Rage
From *Horace's* declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty years
All his flames and all thy fears.

THE VIII. ODE.
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*.
Englisbed By Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the false *Barine* swore,
False, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed ;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,
I should believe thy Vows ; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our Youth the publick care,
Nor half so false as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead Mothers sacred Urn,

P

By

By Heaven and all the Stars that shine
Without, and every God within :
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does smile,
Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son
Does smile, and to his Quiver run ;
Does smile and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee fresh Lovers hearts.
See, all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy train of Slaves grows every day ;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee
Tho oft they threaten to be free,
Tho oft with Vows false as thine are
Their forsworn Mistresses they forswear.
Thee every carefull Mother fears
For her Son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,
Lest thou detain by stronger Charms
Th' expected Husband from her Armes.

HORACE

H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

T H E IX. O D E.

Englisbed By Mr. Duke.

H O R A C E.

WHilst I was welcome to your heart
In which no happier youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Armes,
I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great Monarch of the East.

L Y D I A.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The onely Theme of Verse and Fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd
Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

H O R A C E.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,
And every Grace adorn, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

L T D I A.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would dye, to save
His youth more pretious from the Grave.

H O R A C E.

What if our former Loves return,
And our first fires again should burn?
If *Chloe's* banish't to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

L T D I A.

Thô He is shining as a Star,
Constant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light' as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
HORACE and *LYDIA*.
Englisht by another Hand.

H O R A C E.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part ;
Unrival'd while my Longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender waste,
And you to every one but me were chaste;
I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's state,
And thought my self more happy and as great.

L Y D I A.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer she
Had stoln your wandering heart away from me ;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine ;

Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her sweet embraces fought.

H O R A C E.

Now *Thracyan Chloe* has supply'd your place,
She Charms me with her Musick and her Face;
To save her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

L T D I A.

Fair *Calais* now the sweet *Messenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my Dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

H O R A C E.

What if kind *Venus* should our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we slight?
If *Chloe* with her Golden locks should yield,
And banisht *Lydia* should regain the Field?

L T D I A.

If so, thô you are cruel and unkind
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
Thô he so kind so charming and so true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye, with you.

ELEGY

T H E . III. E L E G Y

*Of the first Book of Propertius.**Englisht By Mr. Adams.*

AS on the Beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
 While the deaf Winds false *Theseus* bore away;
 As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
 More sweet more fair in her first Slumber seem'd;
 Or as the no less weary *Bacchanall*
 Surpris'd by sleep near some smooth stream do's fall;
 Such seem'd to Me, so was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
 While breathing soft repose the lovely Maid
 On her fair hand reclin'd her bending Head;
 When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
 Drag'd home at Midnight my unfaithfull Feet;
 But as sh' appear'd so charming to my view,
 Gently I prest the Bed, and near her drew;
 Thinking (for so much sense I still retain'd)
 The Fort of Love might by surprise be gain'd;

Yet thô commanded by a double fire,
 Both by the flames of Wine, and hot desire ;
 Thô my lewd hand would naughtily have stray'd,
 And I would fain my Arms have ready made ;
 I durst not in the soft assault engage,
 Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage ;
 But so my greedy Eyes survey'd her o'er,
 The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more ;
 Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
 And try'd how sweetly 'twould on *Cynthia's* show.
 Sometimes corrected her disorder'd Hair,
 That loosely wanton'd with the sportive Air ;
 And when she sigh'd, I credulously fear'd
 Some frightfull Vision to my Love appear'd. (shone,
 Till the bright Moon through the wide Window
 (The Moon that would not suddenly be gon ;))
 She with her subtile rayes unclos'd Her eyes,
 When thus against me did her fury rise.

At length affronted by some Tawdry Jade,
 Kick't out of doors, you're forc't into my Bed ;
 For where is it you spend my Nights ? you come
 Drawn off and Impotent at Morning home ;

I wish

I wish base man! I wish such nights you had,
 As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
 Sometimes I with my Needle sleep deceive,
 Then with my Lute my weariness relieve;
 Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
 While in some others Armes you melt away;
 Till sleeps soft wings my willing Eye-lids close,
 Beguile my Sorrows and my Cares compose.

OUT OF

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fæda est in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

TIs but a Short, but a filthy Pleasure,
 And we soon nauseate the enjoy'd treasure;
 Let not us then as lustfull Beasts do,
 Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
 Lest we put out Love's gentle fire,
 And he droop, and languish in impotent desire:

But

But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiss,
 Thus, thus, improve the lasting bliss!
 There is no labour here, no shame,
 The solid Pleasure's still the same,
 Never, oh, never to be done,
 Where Love is ever but begun.

E P I S T L E

To R. D. from T. O.

My much lov'd Friend,

WHen thou art from my eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise?
 Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, (thee.
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
 Last

Last night methought (Heaven make the next as kind)
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,
 E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with Care;
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our Love;
 Hundreds of chearfull Birds fill'd every Tree,
 And sung their joyfull Songs of Liberty;
 While through the gladsome Choire well pleas'd we
 And of our present Valu'd State thus talkt; (walk'd,
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for preferments at a Court would wait,
 Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lye,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
 That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
 Of the deceitfull, painted, poison'd Paste;
 When the wide River, he behind him sees,
 Where he may lanch to Liberty and Ease?

No

No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While underneath these shady, peacefull Bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a Thousand pleasures waste the day;
 Sometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
 Where skimming Swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
 Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
 Amidst whose current rising Fishes play,
 And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
 Perhaps, hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
 Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
 And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep:
 There we two lye, between us may be's spread
 Some Book, few understand though many read,
 Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
 How *Juno's* rage did good *Æneas* vex,
 Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
 In *Dido's* state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;

He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his vertue in her Armes.
 Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
 Their gentle Friendship, and their Martial fire;
 We praise their valour 'cause yet matcht by none,
 And Love their Friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our Transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of Love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous Bottle, and a Lovesome She,
 Are th' onely Joys in nature, next to Thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that onely can) to add delight,
 When to our little Cottage we repair,
 We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear *B---ly*, kind as parting Lovers tears
Ad---ly, honest as the Sword he wears,
W---son, professing friendship yet a Friend,
 Or *S---rt*, beyond what numbers can commend,

F---ch,

F—ch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his bloud,
 Watchfull to doe, too modest merit good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous Town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager armes, how closely then w' embrace,
 What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
 With choicest Meats at least, though not with store:
 Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
 Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain:
 Each waited on by a bright Virgin glafs,
 Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lafs.
 Then down we sit, while every Genius tryes
 T'improve, till he deserves his Sacrifice:
 No faucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night:
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
 Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head;
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;

Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep,
 With twining limbs, that still loves posture keep,
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet, craving love till the next night :
 Then we the drowsie Sells of sleep forsake,
 And to our Books, our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all;
 While the poor under faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make Court;
 The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had,
 Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the Antick Queen,
 Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
 Attended by those fine drest Gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest Counseller, this knows,
 And into Court with resolute vertue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering Follies sneak away!

This

This Image when it came too fiercely shook
 My Brain which its soft quiet streight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
 No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
 Gods! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the World;
 But grant me quiet, liberty and peace,
 By day what's needfull, and at night soft ease;
 The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the wofull'st state of Man;
 To be by Fools mislead, to Knaves a prey,
 But make Life what I ask, or tak't away.

A LETTER

A

LETTER to a FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a slave,
 Found a retreat within a peacefull Cave;
 Where no intruders durst his hours molest,
 (But the dear Passion still inflam'd his Breast)
 And where abandon'd to his restless pains,
 He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
 From thence——

To a dear Friend (such as are hard to find)
 Known true and just, and longing to be kind,
 Who always shar'd his pleasures and his pain,
 In these sad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My onely Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
 That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate;
 Your pity e'er I ask I'm sure to gain,
 But cruel *Cynthia's* never must obtain.

Q

You

You are not ign'rant of Her charms I know,
 Too well by Her they're known, and thence my Woe:
 Yet must I not complain, I own the Fair
 Has justly doom'd me to the pains I bear ;
 For I have long profanely laught at Love,
 And oft to make the World despise it, strove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
 With pleasures wing'd my minutes Gaily flew :
 When Beauty wounded, Wine soon freed my soul,
 My peace came swimming in the healing Bowl;
 Or if too weak the Wine against Love's charms,
 I took some Balmy Harlot to my Armes;
 Which always did the rageing pains remove,
 And cool the stings of any other Love.
 In peace and plenty, with still new delights,
 I past my Joyfull days, and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom lost I mourn,
 My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;
 Too strong's my passion, as the Nymph too Fair,
 (Ah, Lovely Nymph, must I for ever bear!)

In your bright Eyes such Heav'nly Beauty's shine,
 You want but mercy to be all Divine;
 Lost freedom to regain I dare not try,
 That were Rebellion, and I ought to Dye.
 Why shou'd your pow'rfull Charms your pride create,
 Your pride your onely fault, my onely Fate ?

Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conquest of Her eyes,
 Since first my Heart was made Her sacrifice,
 And she the panting Victim cou'd despise.
 Yet spite of all Her rigorous disdain,
 I love my Ruine, and I hugg my Chain.

Reason in vain endeavours to persuade
 That I shou'd quit this Haughty, scornfull Maid ;
 Small Passions often make our Reason yeild,
 When Love invades, it well may quit the Feild.

Your hopeless Friend thus Languishing remains,
 Enslav'd by one who will not ease his pains; (plains.
 Smiles when he weeps, and Frowns when he com-

A N
E L E G Y
B Y

*The Wife of St. ALEXIAS (a Noble-
man of Rome) complaining on his ab-
sence, he having left her on his Wedding
Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to
go Visit the Christian Churches.*

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond a Jesuit

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the best Youth of *Rome*,
My fatal Charms sent many to their Tomb,
Now wretched Maid, and miserable Wife,
In tears, and in complaints, must waste my Life;
Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleasures yet untasted cloy'd.

He leaves me to my anxious cares a Prey ;
 Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you stray,
 Whilst in my Maiden Widdow'd bed I lye,
 More wretched than the Dead, and wish to dye?
 In you were all my hopes, dear Wanderer,
 Your doubted safety now creates my Fear;
 He broak his Vows, he broak our Marriage bond,
 What dangers may a Perjur'd wretch surround, }
 At least his flight his tender Feet may wound. }
 Oh! that I knew which way his course he steers,
 Twou'd soften much my pains, and lessen much my
 A Letter shou'd inform him of my cares, (fears:
 And he with pity sure wou'd reade my Pray'rs;
 I'd write him lines might move a senseless Stone,
 Nay his hard Heart to feel compassion.
 But, when we write, too slow are the returns,
 Too slow, for one that with my passion burns;
 Letters I wou'd not trust, my self wou'd goe,
 And from my mouth my sorrows he shou'd know.
 By stealth I'll leave my Father's House, t'was you
 Did first, alas! the sad example shew.

My pressing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexias* I shou'd meet.

Through Desarts I durst go (a tender Maid)
In search of you I cou'd not be afraid.

No dangers shou'd my eager steps retard,
My Innocence, and Love wou'd be my Guard.

If *Dragons* against me their crests shou'd rear,
Or shou'd I meet a *Lyon* or a *Bear*,

I never can be capable of Fear.

David (too young for Toils) a tender Boy,
Cou'd the fierce *Lyon*, and rough *Bear* destroy;
From his small Hand a Pebble cou'd confound,
And strike the Mountain Gyant to the ground.

Th' *Assyrian* General, *Bethulia's* dread,
By a chaste Woman's hand did lose his Head,
And she was by her Guardian Angel led.

Why may not my attempts successfull prove,
Assisted by Divinity, and Love?

With fearless courage I dare undertake
Amazing actions, for my Husband's sake:

Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow thee,
Whether by Land thou wander'st or by Sea ;

Whether

Whether on Shoar or on the swelling Main,
 One House, one Boat may both of us contain :
 If your sharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
 On that *Ionian* Sea my Barque shall ride.
 If (to contemplate on the sufferings
 And cruel death of the blest King of King's,)
 A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you goe,
 I'll join in Adoration there with you.
 If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
 With you in *Palestine* I'll offer Holy Vows;
 Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
 And leave this temp'rate for that froz'n Air;
 With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
 On the cold top of the *Caucasian* Hill.
 Or shou'd you wander o'er the *Libyan* sand,
 (That vast, and wild, unhospitable Land)
 Through those parch't plains with thee (my Love) I'll
 Nor fear the hungry, Savage Beast of Prey. (stray,
 I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you fail;
 My Love shall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
 Nothing to follow you wou'd seem a toil.

Thô to the utmost *Indies* you are driv'n,
 Till I can reach your Armes I'll know no Hav'n.
 Ah! let chaste Love, propitious Planets keep }
 Safe from the dangers of the greedy Deep;
 Yet if my Ship by Tempests must be Torn,
 By Artfull stroaks above the Waters born,
 In spite of Nature I shall swim to shoar,
 For love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
 The flaming Constellations are in Love,
 And Seas, and all that in the Waters move ;
 But the unsettl'd Waves, nor the inconstant Wind
 Shall ever move my faith, or shake my stedfast mind.
 But if inevitable Fates decree,
 That I must suffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey ;
 (The onely Succour such a Fate can give)
 In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
 There let me rest, till thou shalt find that Shoar
 Where my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
 There cast me up unhurt, and leave me there.
 So in the Scaly Monster *Jonas* lay,
 Protected from the fury of the Sea;

Both wondred at their lott, and both rejoyc'd,
 One with his guest was pleas'd, the other with his host;
 The third Day came, and then (by Heaven's command)
 The Fish restor'd the Prophet to the Land.

But if to me no Fish will Favour shew,
 And (dear *Alexias*) I must dye for you;
 Oh Love Divine ! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
 For thee, chaste Authour of my Funeral;
 The Sea shall take my Name, and 'mongst the Stars
 I'll be a guide to wandring Mariners :

While they with wonder shall repeat my Name,
 A faith like mine deserves no less a Fame ;
 They'll doubtless Pray that such a Wife, Above,
 May be rewarded for so chaste a Love;
 And that her Husband there may constant prove.
 And for the Load of Waters she has born,
 Her Ashes may lye easie in their Urn.

Alas ! I rave, with Fancies I am fed,
 Not knowing where my dearest Husband's fled,
 I search him, dreaming in my Widow'd Bed.

If to the Woods I go, or Rocks or shoars, (Powers.
 From thee they've learn'd to scorn Love's mighty
 Unheard

Unhear'd, alas! I loose my Amorous groans,
The Winds and Waves refuse to hear my moanes.
Echo alone can suffer my complaint,
And she with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cause your stay!
If thou hast Piety, Oh! come away:
Ah! suffer not thy absence I shou'd mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canst not return.

A M A R Y L L I S,

Or the Third *Idyllum*

O F

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compells my way,
My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains stray :
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed
In Pastures fresh, and to their watering led ;
And w'are the Ridgling with his butting head. }
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
The conscious *Grottos*, and the shady Grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender Limbs were laid,
Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd ?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With Kisses such as set my Soul on Fire :

But

But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same,
My heart maintains for both a double Flame.
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn,
So faithfull I, and you so much forsworn!
I dye, and Death will finish all my pain,
Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
What partial Judges are our Love and hate!
Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
How ruddy like your Lips their streaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high;)
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I fwerv'd;
And for to Morrow have Ten more reserv'd.
Look on me Kindly and some pity shew,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some God transform me by his Heavenly pow'r
Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand he bears on humane kind!

The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the tast of bloud;
 His Brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood. }
 Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
 To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your sport!
 Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight!
 Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
 Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn!
 Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
 And let me dye contented in your Armes.
 I would not ask to live another Day,
 Might I but sweetly Kifs my Soul away!
 Ah, why am I from empty Joys debar'd,
 For Kisses are but empty, when Compar'd!
 I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
 The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
 Of Parsley with a wreath of Ivy bound;
 And border'd with a Rosie edging round
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
 Since I must dye, why is my Fate defer'd!

I strip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,
 Behold that dreadfull downfall of a Rock,
 Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from high!
 'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.
 You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shoar,
 But better pleas'd, if I should rise no more.
 I might have read my Fortune long agoe,
 When, seeking my success in Love to know,
 I try'd th' infallible Prophetique way,
 A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
 And which was worse, If any worse cou'd prove,
 The withring leaf foreshew'd your withring Love.
 Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
 My last recourse I had to Seive and Sheeres,
 And told the Witch *Agreo* my disease,
 (*Agreo* that in Harvest us'd to lease;
 But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire;
 Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire:.)

To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,
 And yet the resty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more ;
 I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore.
 And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate ;
 That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
 A milk-white Goat for you I did provide ;
 Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her side,
 For which the Nut-brown Lass, *Erithacis*,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury Kiss ;
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,
 What Madman would o'erstand his Market twice ?
 My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,
 Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,
 I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.
 What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move ?
 She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with Noble strife
 To win his Lady, or to loose his Life,
 (What shift some men will make to get a Wife ?)
 Threw down a Golden Apple in her way,
 For all her haste she could not chuse but stay :

Renown

Renown said run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,
 The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,)
 That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed :
 She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble Feet refuse
 Their wonted Speed, and she took pains to loose.
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye.)
 From steepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
 His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love :
 If such another Wager shou'd be laid,
 I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.
 Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
 His pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds ?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
 And manag'd something else besides the Crook.
 Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
 How blest is fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
 Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon !
 What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possessest,
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.

My aking Head can scarce support the pain ;
This curfed Love will surely turn my Brain :
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no Pity,
Nay then 'tis time to end my dolefull Ditty.
A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep;
My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep:
I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,
The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

R

P H A R-

PHARMACEUTRIA,
OR THE
ENCHANTRRESS.

Simætha is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one Delphis, and not having seen him in Twelve days, and suspecting him to love some other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid Thestylis, endeavours by Charms to reduce him.

Translated from THEOCRITUS.

By Mr. William Bowles, of King's College in Cambridge.

THe Philters, *Thestylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, since neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the false Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerfull, can be mov'd.

Twelve

Twelve days, an age to me alas! are past
 Since at these doors, he knock'd, or saw me last;
 Scorn'd and neglected if I live, or no,
 Inhumane as he is, he does not know.
 To some new Mistress sure he is inclin'd,
 For love has wings, and he a changing mind.
 To morrow I'll to the *Palæstra* go,
 And tell him he's unkind to use me so.
 Now to my charm: But you, bright Queen of night,
 Shine, and assist me with your borrow'd light,
 You, mighty Goddess, I invoke; and you,
 Infernal *Hecate* — — —

(When you ascend from the pale shades below
 Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
 A sudden horror seizes all around,
 The Dogs at your approach afrighted fly,
 Assist, and with your pow'rfull aid be nigh;
 Inspire this charm, and may it prove as strong
 As *Circé's* or the bold *Medæ's* song.

*Bring back the sacred herbs, and pow'rfull charms,
 Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my armes.*

Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames : d'you stand
 Infensible, you Sot, when I command ?

Or am I scorn'd, and grown a jest to you ?

Strew Salt, and say, thus *Delphis* Bones I strew.

Bring, &c.

As *Delphis* me, so I this Laurel burn,
 And as that burns, and does to ashes turn,
 And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,
 So may false *Delphis* burn in quicker fires.

Bring, &c.

As the Wax melts, which in the fire I cast,
 So in Loves flower flames may *Delphis* waste:
 And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,
 Tho' seeming to go on, and quit its ground,
 Returns, and in its Magick Circle still is found;
 So, tho' averse, and fled from my embrace,
 May he return, and still maintain his place.

Bring, &c.

Diana. Hail, *Artemis*, and aid me from above;

You all the stubborn Pow'rs below can move,
 Th' Infernal Judges and th' infernal King :

Ring, *Thestylis*, the sounding Brass, haste, ring;

She

She comes, the Goddess comes, the dreadfull cry
Of howling Dogs gives notice she is nigh.

Bring, &c.

See! silent are the Winds, a peacefull sleep
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and smooth'd the Deep,
But the rough tempest, that distracts my breast,
No calm can find, and will admit no rest.
O Chastity, and violated Fame!

I burn for him whose love's my onely shame.

Bring, &c.

Thus thrice I Sacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddess, what I say:
Who e'er she be, that shares his envi'd Bed,
Proud by her conquest, and my ruine made,
Her honour lost, and she undone, as I,
Deserted and abandon'd may she lye,
As did on *Dia's* shoar the royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty betray'd.

Bring, &c.

Hippomanes but tasted rage inspires,
And with new heat the winged Coursers fires,

O'er Fields and Woods, and Mountains tops they go,
 Their rage no bounds, and they no stop can know;
 Such is the plant, and oh! that I might see
 My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.

Bring, &c.

This fringe, which my lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
 This once dear relique thus enrag'd I tear:
 How cruel is the Love, that Leech-like drains
 From my pale limbs the blood, and empty Veins!

Bring, &c.

To Morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
 Now, *Thestylis*, this Philter spread arround
 His fatal door———

(There all my thoughts, and my lost senses dwell,
 There tho' ill us'd, my Soul continues still)
 And spit and the ingratefull Man devove,
 That slights my passion, and neglects my love.

Bring, &c.

She's gone; and since I now am left alone,
 What shall I say? what first shall I bemoan?
 What was the Cause? whence sprung my ill plac't
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove; (Love?
 When

When fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
 Her nuptial Vow to the chaste Goddess paid,
 With savage Beasts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
 And a fierce Lyons amidst 'em plac'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came.

Theucharila, my Nurse, would see the show,

She near us dwelt, and beg'd of me to go;

Her pray'rs, and my ill fate at last prevail'd,

There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.

Tell, &c.

There all my Ills began; for there, alas!

I *Delphis* saw, and *Eudamippus* pass:

Their golden Hair in careless Curls hung down,

And brighter, (*Cynthia*,) far than you they shone.

Tell, &c.

I saw, and was undone! a subtle fire

Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot desire;

The shining Pomp could now no more surprize,

A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.

When that was ended, I forgot to go,

How I return'd, or when I did not know;

Ten days, as many restless nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce disease a prey.

Tell, &c.

My flesh all wasted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the strong poison sell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what dost thou inforce?
To what Enchantress had not I recourse,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick arts renown'd?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.

Tell, &c.

With Sickness wasted, and with Grief oppress'd,
Thus to my Servant I at last confess:
Haste, *Thestylis*, thy dying Mistress sends,
My Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the Wound;
No remedy for Love but love is found:
In active Sports, and Wrestling he delights,
And in the bright *Palaestra* often sits.

Tell, &c.

There watch your time, and softly let him know
Simætha sent you, then my Lodgings show.

She did, and streight his sounding feet I heard.

Gods! but when lovely *Delphis* first appear'd!

Tell, &c.

A death-like cold seiz'd on me from my Brow,

Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,

Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue

My dying words, when I would speak 'em, hung;

As when imperfect sounds from Children fall,

When in their Dreams they on their Mother call.

Tell, &c.

The cruel Man sat down upon my Bed,

And then with eyes cast downward thus he said:

In Love you are as far before me gone,

As young *Philinus* lately I out run.

Tell, &c.

Had not your kinder Message call'd me home,

By Love's sweet Joys at night I would have come,

Arm'd with my Friends I had beset you round,

And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.

Tell, &c.

Had

Had you admitted me, it had been well,
 For I in swiftness, and in form excell,
 But that my vanquish'd Equals best may tell ;
 Some smaller favour then I had desir'd,
 And modestly but with a Kiss retir'd ;
 Had you been cruel, and your doors been barr'd,
 With Barrs and Torches for the storm I was prepar'd.

Tell, &c.

Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
 And next, my fair Preserver, next to you,
 She saw the burning Pain which I endure,
 And recommends to you the mighty Cure ;
 For cool and gentle are all other fires
 Compar'd with those which cruel Love inspires.

Tell, &c.

Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
 Nor darkness them, nor danger can afright,
 Love's mighty power can the young Wife compell
 From her warm sleeping Husband's armes to steal.
 He said : And I a fond, believing Maid
 Prest, and reclin'd him gently on my Bed ;

Now

Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
 Warmth to my Bloud, and colour to my Face,
 And, to be short, with mutual Kisses fir'd,
 To the last bliss we eagerly aspir'd,
 And both attain'd, what both alike desir'd.

Now swift the hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew,
 Calm were our Passions, and no tempest knew,
 No quarrel could disturb our peacefull bed;
 But all those joys this fatal Morning fled.
Aurora scarce had chas'd away the Night,
 And o'er the World diffus'd her rosie Light,
Philista's mother came, (and as she still
 The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell;)

She told me first that *Delphis* Lov'd, but who
 She could not tell, but that he Lov'd she knew;
 All signs of some new love she said she found,
 His House adorn'd, and Doors with Garlands crown'd.
 She tells me true; oh my ill boding fears!
 And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
 His Visits were more frequent, now at last,
 Since he was here twelve tedious days are past.

'Tis so: And can he then so cruel prove,
Am I so soon forgotten, and my Love?
Now I'm content to see what Charms can do,
But if he dares go on to use me so,
Provokt at last a Potion I'll prepare,
That by his Death shall ease me of my Care.
So sure the Poison, and so strong the Draught;
The Secret was by an *Assyrian* taught.
You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
And to the rising Sun your light resign;
My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
To fix your Chariot, or retar'd your course;
I, what I can't redress, must learn to bear,
And a sad Cure attend from my despair.
Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the night.

T H E
C Y C L O P S.

Theocritus *Idyll.* 11th.

Englisht by Mr. Duke of Cambridge,
To Dr. Short.

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
To ease a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No Medicine this prevailing Ill subdues,
None, but the Charms of the condoling Muse:
Sweet to the Sense, and easie to the Mind
The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
This you well know, and surely none so well,
Who both in Physick's sacred Art excell,

And

And in Wit's Orb among the brightest shine,
The Love of *Phœbus*, and the tunefull nine.

Thus sweetly sad of old, the *Cyclops* strove
To soften his uneasie hours of Love.

Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
And *Galatea's* eyes kindled the raging fire,

His was no common Flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;

Nor Flowers, nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,
Nor more to please, curl'd his neglected Hair.

His was all Rage, all Madnes; To his Mind
No other Cares their wonted entrance find.

Oft from the Feild his Flock return'd alone
Unheeded, unobserv'd: He on some stone,
Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
Accusing *Galatea's* Cruelty;

Till Night from the first dawn of opening Day,
Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.

Yet then a Cure, the onely Cure he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;

From a steep Rock, from whence he might survey
The Floud, the (Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay.)

His

His drooping head with Sorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournfull Song:

Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus ? soft Love with sharp disdain ?
Fairer than falling Snow or rising Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the sight ;
Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose head
The tender Crescents but begin to spread ;
Yet cruel You to harshness more encline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the savage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eyelid's seal'd with sleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep ; -
But when Sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vanish swiftly from my opening Eye, (spy. }
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they }
I well remember the first fatal day
That made my Heart your Beauty's easie prey,
'Twas when the Floud You, with my Mother, left,
Of all it's brightness, all it's Pride bereft,
To gather Flowers from the steep Mountains top,
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;

To

To Hyacinths, and Roses did you bring,
 And shew'd you all the Treasures of the Spring.
 But from that hour my Soul has known no rest,
 Soft Peace is banish'd from my tortur'd Breast,
 I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you
 Not the least sign of melting Pity shew :
 No; by the Gods that shall Revenge my pain!
 No; you the more I love the more disdain.
 Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
 Why you despise and fly the *Cyclops* so;
 Because a shaggy Brow from side to side,
 Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
 And under that one onely Eye does shine,
 And my flat Nose to my big Lip does joyn.
 Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thousand sheep,
 The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
 With sweetest Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
 And my vast stock of Cheeses never fails;
 In Summer's heat, or Winter's sharpest cold,
 My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
 With such soft Notes I the shrill Pipe inspire,
 That every listning *Cyclops* does admire;

Whilst

While with it often I all night proclaim,
 Thy powerfull charms, and my succesless flame.
 For thee twelve *Does*, all big with Fawn, I feed,
 And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
 Ah! come, to me, fair Nymph, and you shall find
 These are the smallest Gifts for thee design'd.
 Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
 And break themselves against the sounding shoar.
 How much more Pleasant would thy Slumbers be
 In the retir'd and peacefull Cave with me?
 There the streight Cypress and green Laurel joyn,
 And creeping Ivy clasps the cluster'd Vine;
 There fresh, cool Rills, from *Ætna's* purest Snow,
 Dissolv'd into Ambrosial liquor, flow.
 Who the wild Waves, and brackish Sea could chuse,
 And these still Shades, and these sweet Streams refuse?
 But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
 Without a fire defye the winter Air,
 Know I have mighty stores of Wood, and know
 Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
 My Soul, my Life it self should burn for Thee,
 And this One Eye, as dear as Life to me.

Why was not I with Fins, like Fishes, made,
 That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd;
 Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
 And kiss your hand if you your lips deny'd.
 To thee I'd Lilies, and red Poppies bear,
 And flowers that Crown each Season of the Year.
 But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive
 Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,
 That th' undiscover'd Pleasures I may know
 Which you enjoy in the deep Floud below.
 Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
 Like me that on this Rock unmindfull sit,
 (Of all things else unmindfull but of thee)
 Home to return forget, and live with me.
 With me the sweet and pleasing Labour chuse,
 To feed the Flock, and Milk the burthen'd Ewes,
 To press the Cheese, and the sharp Runnet to infuse. }
 My Mother does unkindly use her Son,
 By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
 For me she never labours to prevail,
 Nor whispers in your Ear my am'rous Tale.

No ; tho' she knows I languish every day,
 And sees my Body waste, and strength decay.
 But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
 And of my Head, and of my Feet complain ;
 That, in her Breast if any Pity lye,
 She may be sad, and griev'd as well as I.

O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reason fled?
 If your young Lambs with new pluckt boughs you fed,
 And watch'd your Flock, would you not seem more
Milk what is next, Pursue not that which flies. (wife?
 Perhaps you may, since This proves so unkind,
 Another fairer *Galatea* find.

Me many Virgins as I pass invite
 To waste with them in Love's soft Sports the Night,
 And if I but incline my listning Ear,
 New Joys, new Smiles in all their looks appear.
 Thus We, it seems, can be lov'd ; and We,
 It seems, are Somebody as well as She.

Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,
 And sooth'd with gentle Verse his fierce Desire.
 Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,
 Than if the Riches of the World were His.

T O
C Æ L I A.

By Mr. Duke.

FLy swift, ye Hours, ye sluggish Minutes fly,
Bring back my Love or let her Lover dye.
Make haste, O Sun and to my eyes once more,
My *Cælia* brighter than thy self restore.
In spite of thee, 'tis Night when she's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad beams display,
That make my sky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will she lift up her sacred Light!
And chase away the flying shades of Night!
With Her how fast the flowing hours run on?
But oh! how long they stay when she is gone?
So slowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
So swift when born upon the Wings of Love!

Hardly

Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past,
Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.

O my auspicious Star make haste to rise,
To charm our Hearts and bless our longing Eyes!

O how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And cheer my own with their reflected rays!

How my impatient, thirsty Soul does long,
To hear the charming Musick of thy Tongue!

Where pointed Wit with solid Judgment grows,
And in one easie stream united flows.

When e'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every Soul to every Ear!

Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind;

Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
As makes Man-kind with joy and pride obey.

But Oh! when Wit and Sense with Beauty's joyn'd,
The Woman's sweetness with the manly mind,

When Nature with so just a hand does mix,
The most engaging charms of either Sex;

And out of both that thus in one combine
Does something form not humane but Divine,

What's her command but that we all adore
 The noblest work of her almighty power !
 Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
 Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate.
 Where Nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,
 Nor have the Liberty to Disobey.
 And whensoever she does a Poet make,
 She gives him Verse but for thy Beauties sake.
 Had I a Pen that could at once impart
 Soft *Ovid's* Nature and high *Virgil's* Art,
 Then the immortal *Sacharissa's* Name
 Should be but second in the list of Fame;
 Each grove each shade should with thy praise be fill'd,
 And the fam'd *Penshurst* to our *Windsor* yield.

PROLOGUE,

To the University of *Oxon.*

Spoken by Mr. Hart, at the Acting of the

Silent Woman,

Written by Mr. Dryden.

W^{(Knew,} *Hat Greece, when Learning flourish'd, onely*
(Athenian Judges,) you this day Renew.

Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,

And here Poetique prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you, Crown'd with Olives sit,

And strike a sacred Horrour from the Pit.

A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,

Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: (see. }

A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have with'd to }

Here they who long have known the usefull Stage,

Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.

As your Commissioners our Poets goe,
 To Cultivate the Virtue which you sow:
 In your *Lycæum*, first themselves refine,
 And Delegated thence to Humane kind.
 But as Embassadours, when long from home,
 For new Instructions to their Princes come;
 So Poets, who your Precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:
 Follies and Faults elsewhere by them are shewn,
 But by your Manners they Correct their Own.
 Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies:
 The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first began,
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;
 Sees Vertue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause;
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws.
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
 An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade.
 There Haughty Dunces whose unlearned Pen
 Could ne'er Spell Grammar, would be reading Men.
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
 So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,

And if they hit in Order by some Chance,
 They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,
 And their Gay Nonsense their own Citts admire.
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* bands,
 But knows *that* Right is in this Senates hands.
 Not Impudent enough to hope your Praise,
 Low at the Muses feet, his Wreath he lays,
 And where he took it up Resigns his Bays. }
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique Wit.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by the same.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

NO poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his Fear,
 Flies with more haste, when the *French* arms
 (draw near,
 Than We with our Poetique train come down
 For refuge hither, from th' infected Town ;
 Heaven

Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French* Troop first swept all things in its way,
But those Hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to slay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite Debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses Fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.

For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new born Monster shewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite Dumb,
Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are Play'd,
And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be Lay'd:
Art Magique is for Poetry profest,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast

To which *Ægyptian* Dotards once did Bow,
 Upon our *English* stage are worship'd now.
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown
Macbeth, the *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's despis'd, your *Johnson* out of Fashion,
 And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.
 In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,
 By you those Staple Authours worth is known,
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your Own. }
 When you, who onely can, their Scenes have prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

P R O L O G U E, *to the University of
 Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart.*
Written by Mr. Dryden.

POets, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd
 T' unbend, and to divert their Sovereign's
 When tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit (mind;
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
 And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.

Here

Here free your selves, from Envie, Care and Strife,
 You view the various turns of humane Life :
 Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
 And Undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
 Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
 As in Mechanick operations wrought ;
 And Man the Little world before you set,
 As once the Sphere of Chrystal, shew'd the Great :
 Blest sure are you above all Mortal kind :
 If to your Fortunes you can Suit your Mind.
 Content to see, and shun, those Ills we show,
 And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know :
 With joy we bring what our dead Authours writ,
 And beg from you the value of their Wit.
 That *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's*, and great *Johnson's* claim
 May be Renew'd from those, who gave them fame.
 None of our living Poets dare appear,
 For Muses so severe are worshipt here ;
 That conscious of their Faults they shun the Eye, }
 And as Prophane, from Sacred places fly, }
 Rather than see th' offended God, and dye. }

We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
 Such Faults as made, are by the Makers shown.
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
 The greatest Judges still can Pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our Pit,
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
 Disdaining that, which yet they know, will Take,
 Hating themselves, what their Applause must make:
 But when to Praise from you they would Aspire
 Though they like Eagles Mount, your *Jove* is Higher.
 So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r transcends,
 As what *should* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by Mrs. Boutell.*
Written by Mr. Dryden.

OF T has our Poet wish'd, this happy Seat
 Might prove his fading Muses last retreat:
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind;
 Which noisfull Towns, and Courts can never know,
 And onely in the shades like Laurels grow.

Youth

Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies rest,
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
 Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we show,)
 Your Peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
 For Patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd,
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
 Such Ancient hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests.
 Such Modesty did to our sex appear,
 As had there been no Laws we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our Protector here.

Converse so chaste, and so strict Vertue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.
 Till our return we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

Prologue to the University of Oxford.

Discord, and Plots which have undone our Age
 With the same ruine, have o'erwhelm'd the
 Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe, (Stage.
 We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too ;
 Our Brethren, are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
 And of our Sisters, all the kinder hearted,
 To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
 With bonny Blewcap there they act all night
 For *Scotch* half Crown, in *English* Three-pence hight.
 One Nymph, to whom fat *Sir John Falstaff*'s lean,
 There with her single Person fills the Scene.
 Another, with long use, and Age decay'd,
 Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a Maid.
 Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time,
 There strutt and swagger in Heroique rhyme:

Tack

Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget sute,
 And there's a Heroe made without dispute.
 And that which was a Capons tayl before,
 Becomes a plume for *Indian* Emperour.
 But all his Subjects, to expresse the care
 Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare ;
 Lac'd Linen there wou'd be a dangerous thing,
 It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring,
 The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be chosen King.
 But why shon'd I these Renegades describe,
 When you your selves have seen a lewder Tribe.
Teg has been here, and to this learned Pit,
 With *Irish* action slander'd *English* Wit.
 You have beheld such barb'rous *Mac*'s appear,
 As merited a second Massacre.
 Such as like *Cain* were branded with disgrace,
 And had their Country stamp't upon their Face:
 When Stroulers durst presume to pick your purse,
 We humbly thought our broken Troop not worse,
 How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place, where Wit can never sterve.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

University of *OXFORD*:

By *Mr. Dryden*.

THO' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most.

We love the Praises of a Learned Pit,

As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.

We speak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,

Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore :

Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,

Discern how much, and why, our Poems take.

Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sence, rejoyce,

Whether th' Applause be only Sound or Voice.

When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly

Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy : (raise,

We doubt that Scene which does their wonder

And, for their ignorance condemn their Praise.

T

Judge

Judge then, if We who Act, and They who Write,
 Shou'd not be proud of giving You delight.
London likes grossly, but this nicer Pit
 Examines, Fathoms all the depths of Wit:
 The ready Finger lays on every Blot, (not.
 Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd
 Nature her self lies open to your view,
 You judge by Her what draught of Her is true,
 Where out-lines false, and Colours seem too faint,
 Where Bunglers dawb, and where True Poets
 But by the Sacred Genius of this Place, (Paint.
 By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace,
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
 As Nations su'd to be made Free of *Rome*.
 Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, Provincial Band.
 If His Ambition may those Hopes pursue,
 Who with Religion loves Your Arts and You,

Oxford to Him a dearer Name shall be,
 Than His own Mother University.
Thebes did His Green, unknowing Youth ingage,
 He chuses *Athens* in His Riper Age.

EPILOGUE

TO OXFORD:

Spoken by *Mrs. Marshal*, Writ by *Mr. Dryden*.

OFT has our Poet wish'd, This happy Seat
 Might prove His fading Muses last retreat:
 I wonder'd at his wish; but now I find,
 He here sought quiet, and content of Mind:
 Which noiseful Towns and Courts can never
 And only in the Shades, like Lawrels grow. (know,
 Youth, e're it sees the World, here studies rest,
 And Age, returning thence, concludes it best.
 What wonder, if we court that happiness,
 Yearly to share, which Hourly You possess?

Teaching ev'n You, while the next World we
 Your Peace to value more, and better know. (show
 'Tis all we can return for Favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last.
 For Patronage from Him whose care presides,
 O're every Noble Art, and every Science guides:
Burburst, a Name the Learn'd with Rev'rence know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
 Whole Age enjoys but what His Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before He serv'd.
 His Learning and untainted Manners too,
 We find, *Athenians*, are deriv'd to You.
 Such ancient Hospitality there rests
 In Yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,
 Where Kindness was Religion to their Guests.
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
 As, had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
 Since each of You was our Protector here.
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Vertue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.

Till our Return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing and so kind.

The Prologue at OXFORD, 1680.

By *Mr. Dryden*.

T*Hespis*, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a
To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespas, (Cart.
Dicitur & Plautus, vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But *Escalus*, says *Horace* in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage:
Yet *Athens* never knew your Learned sport,
Of Tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court* ;
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,
Still to be Plotting some New Reformation:
And few years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack *Presbyter* shall here Erect his Throne.

Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a day,
 And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
 Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to Pot,
 For disbelieving of a Popish Plot :
 Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
 And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells* :
 Nor shou'd we scape the Sentence, to Depart,
 Ev'n in our first Original, A Cart.
 No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
 To Maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan* :
 Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppress'd,
 Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast :
Scot, Swarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
 As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown ;
 And *Aristotle's* for destruction ripe,
 Some say He call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe,
 Which by some little help of Derivation,
 Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR :

Written by *Mr. Dryden*.

TO say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass You now.
 Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit ;
 When few Men censur'd , and when fewer Writ.
 And *Johnson* (of those few the best) chose this,
 As the best model of his Master-piece :
 Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer ;
 Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose,
 He lik'd the Fashion well, who wore the Cloaths.
 But *Ben* made Nobly his, what He did mould,
 What was anothers Lead, becomes His Gold:
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror He Reigns,
 Yet Rules that well, which He unjustly gains.
 But this our Age such Authors does afford, (word:
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce Write one

Who in this Anarchy of Wit, Rob all ;
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
 Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to Prey,
 But Rob by Sunshine, in the face of Day.
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use,
 Of Stand Sir, and deliver up Your Muse ;
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owners Face.
 Faith, if you have such Country *Tom's* abroad,
 'Tis time for all True Men to leave that Road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said
 They Strip the Living, but these Rob the Dead :
 Dare with the Mummyes of the Muses Play,
 And make Love to them the *Ægyptian* way :
 Or as a Rhyming Author would have said,
 Joyn the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some part,
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art.
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Lawreats
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand. (stand
 They

They make the benefits of others studying,
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack Pudding*.
 Whose dish to challenge, no Man has the courage,
 'Tis all his own when once h'has spit i'th' Porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
 You are in fault for what they do amiss.
 For They their Thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not Steal, unless You please to wink.
 Perhaps, You may award by Your Decree,
 They shou'd refund, but that can never be.
 For should You Letters of Reprisal Seal, (steal.
 These Men Write that which no Man else would

Prologue to *ARVIRAGUS REVIV'D*:

Spoken by Mr. *Hart*.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

With sickly Actors and an old House too, (New
 We're match'd with Glorious Theatres and
 And

And with our Alehouse Scenes, and Cloaths bare
 Can neither raise Old Plays, nor New adorn. (worn,
 If all these ills could not undo us quite,
 A Brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
 To laugh, and break your Buttons at their Play.
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume
 Is fal'n from some incomparable Plume ;
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.
 We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em? They are *French*.
 Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,
 Neither to Hear nor See, but show their Breeding.
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
 To make it seem they understood the Jest :
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
 To teach Us *English* where to Clap the Play :
 Civil *Isad* : Our Hospitable Land,
 Bears all the charge for them to understand :

Mean

Mean time we Languish, and neglected lye,
 Like Wives, while You keep better Company;
 And wish for our own sakes, without a Satyr,
 You'd less good Breeding, or had more good Nature.

Prologue Spoken the first day of
 the King's House Acting after
 the Fire.

Writ by Mr. *Dryden*.

SO Shipwrackt Passengers escape to Land, (stand
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o're,
 Expecting Famine on a Desert Shore.

From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,
 Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
 Our Stage does Humane Chance present to view,
 But ne're before was seen so sadly true.

You are chang'd too, and Your pretence to see,
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.

Your

Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts, (guests
 While You the Founders make your selves the
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care,
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
 'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and Fair.
 You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you mourn,
 Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn,
 Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
 Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.
 But as our new built City rises higher,
 So from Old Theatres may New aspire,
 Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
 Our Great Metropolis does far surpass
 What e're is now, and equals all that was :
 Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit Excel,
 And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell.
 But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
 Talk high, and Entertain You in a Shed :
 Your Presence here (for which we humbly Sue)
 Will Grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

Prologue

Prologue for the Women, when
they Acted at the Old THEATRE
in LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

W

 Here none of you Gallants e're driven so
 As when the poor kind Soul was under
 And couldnot do't at home, in some by-street, (guard
 To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
 Such is our Case, We can't appoint our House,
 The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvouz.
 But hither to this trusty Nook remove,
 The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love.
 For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug
 Is stoln in Garrets on the humble Rugg.
 Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
 The Grave demurely in the midst may Sit.
 And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
 Ply Vizard Masque, and o're the Benches stride:

Here

Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
 For those that make the most triumphant show,
 All that keep Coaches must not Sit below.
 There Gallants, You betwixt the Acts retire,
 And at dull Plays have something to admire.:
 We who look up, can Your Addresses mark;
 And see the Creatures Coupled in the Ark:
 So we expect the *Lovers*, *Braves*, and *Wits*,
 The Gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for *Citts*.

A Prologue spoken at the Opening of
 the NEW HOUSE, *Mar. 26. 1674.*

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

A Plain Built House after so long a stay,
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
 When, fal'n from your expected Pomp, you find
 A bare convenience only is design'd.
 You who each day can Theatres behold,
 Like *Nero's* Palace, shining all with Gold,

Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,
 And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear.
 Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
 And a plain Sute (since we can make but one)
 Is better than to be by tarnisht gawdry known.
 They who are by Your Favours wealthy made,
 With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade:
 We, broken Banquers, half destroy'd by Fire,
 With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire,
 Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire.
 For Fame and Honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to Live.
 Unable to support their vast Expence,
 Who Build, and Treat with such Magnificence;
 That like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
 They give the Law to our Provincial Stage:
 Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess,
 While they impose their Splendor on the less.
 But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,
 Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
 The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.

Yet

Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud :
 Our Royal Master will'd it should be so,
 What e're He's pleas'd to own, can need no show :
 That Sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest Mettals pass.
 'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise, Plays.
 To build a Play-House while You throw down
 Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's* reign,
 And for the Pencil You the Pen disdain.
 While Troops of famisht *Frenchmen* hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live :
 Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place
 To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race ;
 More tamely, than your Fathers You submit,
 You'r now grown Vassals to 'em in your wit :
 Mark, when they Play, how our fine Fops advance,
 The mighty Merits of these Men of *France*,
 Keep Time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence : }

Well please your selves, but sure 'tis understood,
 That *French* Machines have ne'r done *England*
 I wou'd not prophesie our Houses Fate: (good :
 But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
 Tis to be fear'd——

That as a Fire the former House o'rethrew,
 Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

Epilogue by the same Author.

Though what our Prologue said was sadly ^{(true,}
 Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new, }
 A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, You. }
 A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch, }
 Tho' She's no Lady, you may think her such, }
 A strong imagination may do much. }
 But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
 Criticks in Plume and white vallancy Wig,
 Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
 And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)

Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you
 Yet you like him, have neither heat nor Soul; (roul,
 So may your Hats your Foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your dress;
 So may you slowly to Old Age advance,
 And have th' excuse of Youth for Ignorance.
 So may Fop corner full of noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive train;
 So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
 And Morning Batt'ries force your way to Love;
 So may not *France* your Warlike Hands recall,
 But leave you by each others Swords to fall:
 As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
 When sober, rail and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the Wits we can some merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
 Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights
 Of ill pay'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights;
 The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
 Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.

The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff
 Of Rhyme, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.
 Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their Wits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will Play,
 For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way }
 To please, we'l find you Abler Men who may.
 If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed }
 A Troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed : }
 (You know the *French* sure cards at time of need.) }

AN EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

Were you but half so Wise as y^rare Severe,
 Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear:
 To his green Years your Censures you would suit,
 Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.
 The Sex that best does pleasure understand,
 Will always chuse to err on t^rother hand.

They check not him that's awkward in delight,
 But Clap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him
 Thus heart'nd well and flesh'd upon his prey, (right.
 The Yonth may prove a Man another day.
 Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight
 Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.
 But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
 From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each were guilty of some *slighted Maid*.
Shakespear's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
 The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore* :
 'Tis miracle to see a first good Play,
 All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.
 A slender Poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst,
 But no Man can be *Falstaff* fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise.

That he may get more bulk before he dyes,
 He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
 Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to Write, and you to Judge.

An Epilogue for the KINGS HOUSE.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WE Act by fits and starts, like drowning Men,
 But just peep up, and then dop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked, change their sence,
 For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken Citts, nor a Vacation Whore.
 Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
 Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.
 So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* cou'd Divine,
 He might have spar'd his dream of 7 Lean Kine,
 And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine.

The *Comet*, that they say portends a Dearth,
 Was but a Vapour drawn from *Playhouse* Earth.
 Pent there since our last Fire, and *Lilly* says,
 Foreshews our change of State, and thin *Third days*.
 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
 For then the Printers Press would suffer more.
 Their Pamphleteers each day their venom spit,
 They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.

Looking Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
above.

Four Farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?
 Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd spite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.
 Such are the Authors who have run us down,
 And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
 Yet these are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhymes,
 Y'abuse your selves more dully than the Times.
 Scandal, the Glory of the *English* Nation,
 Is worn to Raggs, and scribbl'd out of fashion.
 Such harmless thrusts, as if, like Fencers wife,
 They had agreed their Play before their prize:

Faith,

Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows
 'Tis just like Children when they Box with pillows.
 Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,
 Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
 Throw down his Pen, and give Her as He can,
 The satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princess of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

Ladies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
 I long to whisper something in your Ear :
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.
 A Man that's false to Love, that Vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets !
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very Bawd.
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast,
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest ;

None of 'em stick at mark: They all deceive,
 Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
 Their *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
 To hide their faults they rap out Oaths and tear:
 Now tho' we Lye, w're too well bred to Swear.
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for Soul and Body too. (em,
 And when found out excuse themselves, Pox cant
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
 I'm not Book Learn'd to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
 I'me sure I never heard that Schritchowl hollow'd
 In my poor ears, but Separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd Villains e're be Saved,
Achitophel's not half so false to *David*.
 With Vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand like Foremen of a Shop, demure,
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new Face Ride out a padding.

Yet

Yet, by their favour when they have bin Kissing,
 We can perceive the ready Mony missing :
 Well ! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they'r at Renouncing, 'tis our parts,
 To trump their Diamonds, as they trump our Hearts

Epilogue to the Princess of Cleves,

Written by Mr. Dryden.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen
 To make amends to you bespatter'd Men !
 We Women Love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
 By growling, squaling, and a hideous noise.
 I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
 Never was Man worse thought on for high-flying;
 The prodigal of Love gives each her part,
 And squandering shows, at least, a noble Heart.
 I've heard of Men, who in some lew'd Lampoon,
 Have hir'd a Friend, to make their valour known.

That

That Accusation straight, this question brings,
 What is the Man that does such naughty things ?
 The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,
 Lyes at our Feet. He's scarce worth taking up ;
 'Tis true, such Hero's in a Play go far,
 But Chamber practice, is not like the Bar.
 When Men such vile, such faint Petitions make,
 We fear to give, because they fear to take ;
 Since Modesty's the Vertue of our kind,
 Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.
 When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,
 'Tis but a work of Supererrogation. ———
 We shou'd a Princess in the Play. 'Tis true,
 Who gave her *Cæsar* more than all his due.
 Told her own Faults, but I shou'd much abhor,
 To choose a Husband for my Confessor.
 You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
 For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
 Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
 Had she Confess't as much to him she lov'd.

True

True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

Spoken, To the *Queen* in *Trinity-College New-Court* in *Cambridge*.

Written by *Mr. DUKE*.

THou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That ma'kst a Crown sit soft on *Charles's*
Head ;

In whom with Greatness, Virtue takes her Seat ;
Meekness with Power, and Piety with State ;
Whose Goodness might even Factious Crouds re-
Win the Seditious and the Savage tame ; (claim
Tyrants themselves to gentlest Mercy bring,
And only Useless is on such a King ;
See, Mighty Princess, see how every Brest,
With Joy and Wonder, is at once possess'd :
Such was the Joy, which the first Mortals knew,
When Gods descended to the peoples view,

Such

Such devout Wonder did it then afford,
 To see those Pow'rs they had unseen ador'd,
 But they were Feign'd: Nor if they had been true,
 Could shed more Blessings on the Earth than you.
 Our Courts enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain,
 To make Reception for so great a Train;
 Here may your Sacred Brest rejoyce to see,
 Your own Age strive with Ancient Piety,
 Soon now, since Blest by your Auspicious Eyes,
 To full Perfection shall our Fabrick rise.
 Less powerful Charms than Yours of old could
 call,
 The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
 And Ours which Now its rise to You shall owe,
 More fam'd than that by Your great Name shall
 (grow.

Florianna.

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL upon the Death
of her Grace the Dutchess of
Southampton.

By Mr. D U K E.

Damon.

Tell me my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this sad posture lie ?
What mean these streams still falling from thine
Eyes,

Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise ?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground ?
Have thy Lambs stray'd ? or has *Dorinda* frown'd ?

Thyrsis. The Wolf ? Ah ! let him come, for now he
Have thy Lambs stray'd ? let 'em for ever stray : (may
Dorinda frown'd ? No, She is ever mild ;
Nay, I remember but just now She smil'd :

Alas !

Damon. Then that to this wisht height the Floud
 (might swell,
Friend, I will tell thee. Tb. Friend, I thee will tell,
 How young, how good, how beautiful She fell.
 Oh ! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
 Blessing their Babes when first they see the Day.
 Beauty and She were one ; for in her Face
 Sate Sweetness temper'd with Majestick Grace ;
 Such pow'rful Charms as might the proudest aw,
 Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
 The Humblest, and to both give equal Law.
 How was She wondred at by every Swain ?
 The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain :
 On all She shin'd, and spreading glories cast
 Diffusive of her self, where 're She past,
 There breath'd an Air sweet as the Winds that blow
 From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:
 Even me sometimes She with a Smile would grace,
 Like the Sun shining on the vilest place.

Nor

Nor did *Dorinda* barr me the Delight,
 Of feasting on her Eyes my longing Sight :
 But to a Being so sublime, so pure,
 Spar'd my devotion, of my Love secure.

Damon. Her Beauty such: but Nature did design
 That only as an answerable Shrine
 To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.

Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so
 (bright,

As Clouds are guilt by the Sun's piercing Light.
 In her smooth Forehead we might read exprest
 The even Calmness of her gentle Breast :
 And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ
 The active vigour of her youthful Wit.

Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
 Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.
 Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
 As Innocence could make it, was her Mind ;
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appear ;
 Who

Who out of guilt do Chearfulness despise,
And being fullen, hope men think 'em wise.
How would the listning Shepherds round her
(throng,

To catch the words fell from her charming
(Tongue!

She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whose powerful Hand sustains,
The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the
(Plains,

Of all his Cares made her the tender'st part;
And great *Lovisa* lodg'd her in her Heart.

Thyrsis. Who would not now a solemn Mourn-
(ing keep,

When *Pan* himself and fair *Lovisa* weep?

When those blest Eyes by the kind gods design'd
To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April* drops upon the Springing Flowers ;

X

Such

Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* shed,
 When at her feet the Lovely Youth lay dead ;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her *Cestus*, and unyoakt her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Lovisa*
 And visit gentle *Floriana's* Tomb ; (come,
 And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
 Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
 With your chaste hands fresh flow'rs and odours
 About her last obscure and silent Bed ; (shed
 Still praying as you gently move your feet,
Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumbers sweet.

Thyrsis. See where they come, a mournful lovely
 (Train,

As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain :

Lovisa mournful far above the rest,

In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow drest :

Just are her Tears, when She reflects how soon
 A Beauty, second only to her own,
 Flourisht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone!)

Damon

Damon. O She is gone! gone like a new-born
(flower,

That deck'd some Virgin Queens delicious Bowers;

Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,

And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast :

But flow'rs return, and coming Springs disclose,

The Lilly whiter, and more fresh the Rose ;

But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,

And *Floriana* has no second Spring.

Thyrsis. O She is set ! set like the falling Sun ;

Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone !

Alas ! the Sun that's set, again will rise,

And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies :

But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,

When its short glory to the West declines,

O there's no hope of the returning Light ;

But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of AMYNTA, for the
Death of DAMON.

By Mr. Dryden.

S O N G.

ON a bank, beside a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:

From the chearless Dawn of Morning
Till the Dew's of Night returning
Singing thus she made her mone:

Hope is banish'd

Joys are vanish'd;

Damon, my belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a Youth, and such a Lover,
Oh so true, so kind was he!

Damon was the Pride of Nature,
 Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me :

Melting Kiffes
 Murmuring Bliffes,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

3.

Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never bless the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both ly dying
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the Joyes he drain'd before :

Death, come end me ;
 To befriend me ;
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

The Praises of *Italy* out of *Virgil's*
Second GEORGIC.

By Mr. *Cbetwood*.

Sed neque Medorum Sylva, &c.

BUt neither *Median* Groves, whose happy soyl
With choicest Fruits prevents the labourers
Nor *Ganges* streams blessing his fertile land (toyl,
Nor *Hermus* self roling on golden sand,
Can with fair *Italy* the prize contest,
Less gay the *glorious* Kingdoms of the East, (blest. }
Nor *Araby*, with all her gums and spice, is half so }
No Hydra's she, or monstrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Nostrils blast the Air;
Nor Dragons teeth sown in the wondring field
Do short-liv'd Harvests of arm'd brethren yield:
But *vital* fruits she brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And fairest Cattel do her Meads adorn.

The

Her warlike Horſe is of the nobleſt Race,
 Who proudly prances o're his native Place.
 And where thy Magic ſtreams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
 The flocks are white as the freſh falling ſnow.
 Heaven do's ſo much thoſe ſacred Victims prize
 'Twill give a *Conqueſt* for a *Sacrifice*.

As in the North 'tis Winter makes the year,
 The Spring and Autumn are the ſeaſons here,
 Cattel breed twice, & twice the *reſtleſs* furrows
 (bear.)

But Heav'n has banish'd hence rough beaſts of
 No hungry Lions on the Mountains ſtray, (prey,
 Nor monſtrous ſnakes make infeſure the fear-
 (ful travellers way.

Nature did this; but Induſtry and Art
 To the rich maſs did nobler forms impart.
 Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities riſe, (ſkies.
 Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the
 Here, pleaſant ſeats by which clear ſtreams do paſs
 Gaze on their ſhadows in the liquid Glaſs :

There

There, big with story, ancient Walls do show
 Their reverend heads ; beneath fam'd rivers flow.
 The Sea, which would *surround* the happy place,
 Do's it on both sides with his arms embrace :
 And stately Galleys which the *Adria* ride,
 Bring the world's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
 The spacious Lakes with level prospect please,
 Or swell, an imitation of the Seas.
 What shou'd I tell how Art cou'd undertake
 To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake ?
 The Rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
 Whilst angry Surges spend their rage in vain.
 As *Cæsar's* Arms all Nations can subdue,
 So *Cæsar's* Works can conquer Nature too.
 Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
 And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold ;
 But her chief Treasures without which the rest are
 Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign. (vain,
 She bred the *Marsian* who ne're knew to yield,
 And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field :

Trium-

Triumphant Cottagers, whose frugal hand
 Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command :
Decii devoted for the publick good,
 Compounding for whole Armies with their blood :
Camillus favour of the sinking State,
 Who rescu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midst of Fate.
Marii who *Roman Eagles* bore so far,
 And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
 You last, Great *Cæsar*, whose green years did more
 Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.

You towards th' East your glorious course do
India forgets now to adore the Sun. (run,
 Hail ! happy soil, Learning and Empires Seat,
 Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* soft Retreat.
 To you I Græcian Arts in Triumph bring,
 And your just Praise in lasting numbers sing.

The

The Ninth ODE of the Fourth
Book of HORACE.

By Mr. Stepney.

V^Erfes Immortal (as my Bays) I Sing,
When suited to my trembling string:
When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleasant Harmony.
All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
(For none e're had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd Lawrel from his aged head;)
Yet *Pindars* rolling Dithyrambique Tide,
Hath still this Praise, that none presume to fly
Like Him, but flagg too low, or soar too high.
Still does *Stesichorus* his Tongue
Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.

Anacreon

Anacreon ne're too Old can grow,
 Love from every Verse does flow :
 Still *Sappho's* strings do seem to move,
 Instructing all her Sex to Love.

2.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
 More than *Hellen* did insnare ;
 Others a Princes Grandeur did admire,
 And wondring, melted to desire.
 Not only skilful *Tencer* knew
 To direct Arrows from the bended Ewgh.
Troy more than once did fall,
 Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.
 Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
 A Subject fit for lasting Poetry ?
 Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
 Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own ?

Was

Was only He so brave to dare his Fate,
 And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
 No, Others buried in Oblivion lye,
 As silent as their Grave,
 Because no charitable Poet gave
 Their well-deserved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
 Are level'd in th' Impartial Grave,
 If they no Poet have.

But I will lay my Musick by,
 And bid the mournful strings in silence lye;
 Unless my Songs begin and end with You,
 To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
 No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.

Should Fortune change your happy state,
 You could Admire, yet Envy not, the Great.

Your

Your equal Hand holds an unbyas'd Scale,
 Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits prevail.
 You with a gen'rous Honesty despise,
 What all the meaner World so dearly prize.

Nor does Your Virtue disappear,
 With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year.
 Others, like Comets, visit and away ;
 Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
 But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day. }

4.

We barbarously call those Blest,
 Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,
 Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owners rest. }

More truly Happy those ! who can
 Govern the little Empire, Man :
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
 Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming Ill.
 Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Who

Who in a fixt unalterable state,
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate.
 Who Poyson less than Falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase Life so dear :
 But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
 And seal their Countries Love with their departing
 (breath.

H O R. O D E 15. Lib. 2. Imitated.

*Jam pauca aratro jugera,
 In sui seculi luxuriam.*

By Mr. Chetwood.

THen this unweildy Factious Town,
 To such prodigious bulk is grown,
 It on whole Counties stands, and now
Land will be wanting for the *Plow*.
 Those remnants too the *Boors* forsake,
Frith must the Nation undertake.

As in a *Plague* the Fields shall *desart* lye,
 Whilst all men to the mighty *Pesthouse* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be seen,
 'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and ever green.
 Lime-trees, and Plane, for *pleasure* made,
 Which for their *Fruit* bear only *Shade*.
 Such as do Female Men content,
 With *useless* shew and *barren* scent.

The *British* Oak will shortly be as rare,
 As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

3.

Not by these Arts, my Masters, sure
 Your Fathers did those Lands procure.
 They preferr'd Use to empty shew,
 No softning *French* refinements knew.

Them-

Themselves, their House, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.

Temp'rance did Health without Physicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard beds with easie sleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greatest store.
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* sell.
Stately Cathedrals they did Found,
Whose Ruines now deform the ground.
Churches and Colledges endow'd with Lands,
Whose *poor Remains* fear Sacrilegious Hands.

The sixteenth O D E

Of the second Book

O F

H O R A C E.

By Mr. Otway.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.

The

Y

Since

Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind ;
Or from the Monarchs roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait.

Happy the man with little blest
Of what his Father left posselt ;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend ?
From shore to shore why should we run
When none his tiresome self can shun ?

For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail,
'Twill dodge the Great mans train behind,
Out run the *Roe*, out flie the wind.

If then thy soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
Another's lingring death comes flow ;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
Which soft content does Best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

The

The First E P O D.

O F

H O R A C E.

I.

Then you, *Mæcenas*, with your train,
 Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
 Expose your self to the rough Main,
 And *Cæsars* threatening danger meet.
 Whilst in ignoble ease I am left behind,
 And shall I call you cruel, or too kind?

2.

Pastimes and Wine, which verse inspire,
 Are tasteless all now you are gone,
 Untun'd is both my mind, and Lyre,
 And in full Courts I seem alone.
 The relish you to my enjoyments give,
 And *life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly live.

Then

3.

Then should I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my hand ?
Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread scorch'd *Afric's* treacherous sand.
And I perhaps could fight, or such as I,
At least, instead of better men cou'd die.

4.

You'll say, what are my pains to you ?
I'm not for War, and action made :
Bid me my humble care pursue,
Seek Winter Sun, and Summer shade,
Whilst both your great example, and Commands
Require more active, and experienc'd hands.

5.

If you say this, you never knew
Friendship, the noblest part of love ;
What for her Fawn can the old One do
Or for her young the timorous Dove ?

They'r

They'r more at ease, tho helpless, being near,
And absence, even in safety, causes fear.

6.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your favour I wou'd take.
But don't whats sayd on *vertues* score,
For *servile* flattery mistake.
No City Palace, or large Country Seat
I seek, nor aim so low as to be Great,

7.

I never lik'd those restless minds,
Which by mean arts, with mighty pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Wind* ,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind heav'n assures me I shall ne're be poor,
And *Os-----n* be damn'd to encrease his store.

Epilogue

*EPILOGUE intended to have been spoken
by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth
when Calisto was acted at Court.*

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
I'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love,
A glorious burden, which the Wise remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not sue nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God Command;
No *Jove* could e're the force of these withstand.
Tis here that Sovereign Pow'r admits dispute,
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen *Catoes*, whatsoe're they say,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our Bonds more easie make
And gracefully what all must suffer take.

Above

Above those forms the Grave affect to wear ;
For'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful Triumphs with your cares you
(bought,
And from the midst of fighting Nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize :
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity.
Two glorious Nymphs of your one Godlike line,
Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and
(shine.
Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.

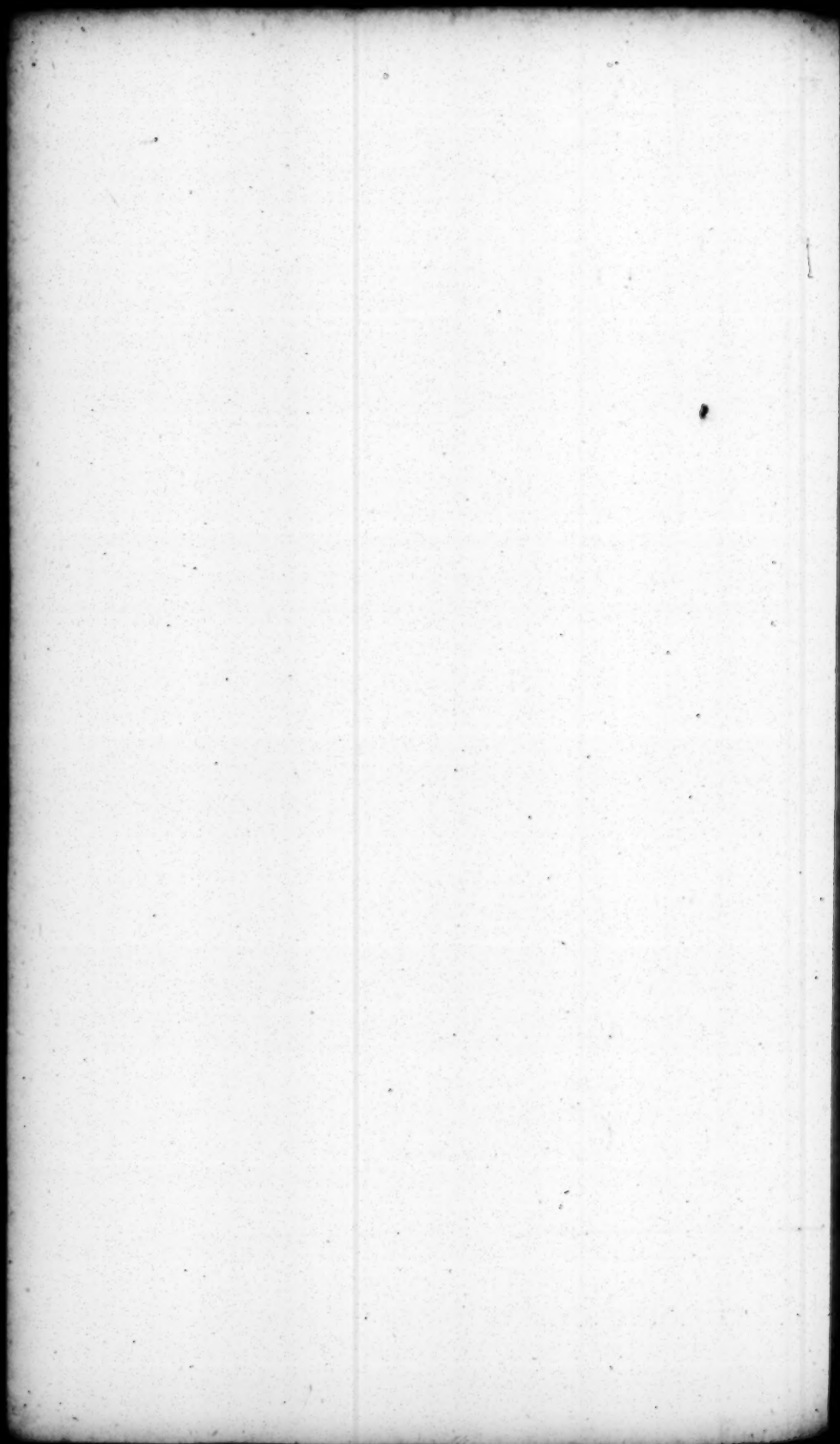
Virgil's

VIRGIL'S Eclogues.

TRANSLATED
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



Printed in the Year, 1684.



T H E

First Eclogue.

By JOHN CARILL Esq;

THe Reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, under the Name of Tityrus, personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, from the general Calamity of his Mantuan Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Souldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of Cremona; who in the Civil Wars, joyned with Cassius and Brutus. These Mantuans are likewise personated by Melibeus; as also by Amarillis, the City of Rome, by Galatea, that of Mantua are represented. The drift of this Eclogue, is to celebrate the Munificence of Augustus towards Virgil, whom he makes his tutelar God; and the better to set this off, he brings in Melibeus, viz. Bb Man-

than Neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men, Virgil shadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And because Slaves did not commonly use to be infancist, till Age had made them useless for Labour, to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old man, as by the Candidior barba, and the Fortunate Senex, sufficiently appears; though in reality, Virgil at that time was young, and then first made known to Augustus, by the recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends, Varus, and Mæcenas.

TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oakes diffuse,
 You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.
 We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,
 The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
 While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
 And every Grove learns *Amarillis* name.

TITY.

TITIRUS.

A God (to me he always shall be so)

O *Melibæus* ! did this Grace bestow.

The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,

Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed :

He every Blessing on his Creatures brings ;

By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herds-

(man sings.

MELIBÆUS.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate, (State.

Which thus exempts you from our wretched

Look on my Goats that browse, my Kids that

(play,

Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,

And this poor Mother of a new-fall'n Pair,

(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair !)

Has left 'em in yond brakes, beside the way,

Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of prey.

Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,

This dire Calamity I had divin'd.

'Twas oft foretold me by Heavens loudest voice,
 Rending our tallest Oakes with dismal noise :
 Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,
 And long from hollow tree were heard to grone.

But say : What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd ?

T I T Y R U S.

The Place call'd *Rome*, I foolishly believ'd,
 Was like our *Mantua*, where on Market-days,
 We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds
 (praise ;)

So Whelps (I knew) so Kids, their Dams express,
 And so the Great I measur'd by the less.

But other Towns when you to her compare,
 They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypress are.

M E L I B E U S.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome* ?

T I T Y R U S.

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come :
 She came not till cold Winter did begin,
 And Age some Snow had sprinkled on my Chin ;

Nor

Nor then, till *Galatea* I forsook,
 For *Amarillis*, daign'd on me to look.
 No hope for Liberty, I must confess,
 No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me possess,
 Whilst I with *Galatea* did remain :
 For though my Flock, her Altars did maintain,
 Though often I had made my Cheese-press groan,
 Largely to furnish our ungrateful Town,
 Yet still with empty hands I trotted home.

M E L I B E U S.

I wonder'd (*Galatea* !) whence should come,
 Thy sad Complaints to Heaven, and why so long
 Ungathered on their Trees thy Apples hung ?
 Absent was *Tityrus* ! Thee every Dale,
 Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call !

T I T T R U S.

What should I do ? I could not here be free,
 And only in that place could hope to see
 A God propitious to my Liberty,

There I the Heavenly Youth did first behold,
 Whose monthly Feast, while solemnly I hold,
 My loaded Altars never shall be cold.

He heard my Prayers, go home (he cry'd) and feed
 In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man ! thy Farm untoucht remains,
 And large enough ; though it may ask thy pains,
 To clear the Stones, and Rushes cure by Drains.

Thy teeming Ews will no strange Pastures try,
 No murrain fear from tainted Company.

Thrice happy Swain ! guarded from *Sirian* beams,
 By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.

Look on that bordering Fence, whose Osier Trees
 Are fraught with flowers , whose flowers are

(fraught with Bees :

How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air
 (Your sleep to tempt) a Consort does prepare !

At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,
The Wood man joyns with these his rustick

(Songs :

Stock-doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their
Those in a hoarser, these a softer Note. (Throat

TITRVS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall Dwellers change,
Fish on dry ground, Stags shall on water range :
The *Parthians* shall commute their bounds with

(Franks,

Those shall on *Swan*, these drink on *Tygris* Banks,
E're I his God-like Image from my heart,
Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEVS.

But we must come to Parts remote, unknown,
Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone :

These frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* those,
Cretan Oaxis others must inclose :

Some 'mongst the utmost *Britains* are confin'd,
Doom'd to an Isle, from all the world disjoyn'd.

Ah!

Ah ! must I never more my Country see,
But in strange Lands an endless Exile be ?
Is my eternal Banishment decreed, (Reed ?
From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and
Must impious Souldiers all these grounds possess,
My fields of standing Corn, my fertile Leyes ?
Did I for these *Barbarians* plow and sowe ?
What dire effects from Civil Discord flow !
Graft Pears (O *Melibæus* !) plant the Vine !
The Fruit shall others be, the Labour thine. }
Farewel my Goats ! a happy Herd, when mine ! }
No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade
Of verdant Crotto's, by kind Nature made,
Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
I part with every Joy, parting from you ;
Then farewell all the World ! Verses and Pipe,
(adieu !

TITV.

At least this Night with me forget your care ;
 Chestnuts, and well-prest Cheese shall be your Fare ;
 For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
 And curling smoke from Village tops ascends.

THE
Second Eclogue.

Englished by MR. TATE.

A Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy,
The lov'd *Alexis* was his Masters Joy.
No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
But daily walk'd where shady Bechees grew :
Where stretcht on Earth, alone he thus com-
(plains,
And in these accents tells the Groves his pains.
Cruel

Cruel *Alexis* ! hast thou no remorse ?
 Must I expire, and have my Songs no force ?
 'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
 The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun.
 The Reapers home to dinner now repair, (Fare.
 While busie *Thestylis* provides both Sawce and
 Yet in the raging Heat I search for thee,
 Heat only known to Locusts and to me.
 Oh was it not much better to sustain,
 The angry days of *Amarillis* Reign ?
 Or still be subject to *Menalchas* sway,
 Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more
 (fair than Day.

O lovely Boy, presume not on thy Form,
 The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a Storm :
 Thou both disdainst my Person and my Flame,
 Without so much as asking who I am !
 How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,
 Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies
 (flow.

A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,
 And all the Year upon New-Milk I feed.
 Besides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I sing,
 That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring.
 Nor am I so deform'd; for t'other day,
 When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
 As on the Clifts, above the Sea I stood,
 I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
 And if I look as handsome all the year,
 To vie with *Daphnis* self, I wou'd not fear.
 Ah wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,
 And love like me, to wound the Stag in flight!
 Where wholesome Mallows grow our Kids to
 (drive,
 And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!
 From *Pan* the Reeds first use the Shepherd knew,
 'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
 Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
 Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.

What

What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
 For half the Noble Skill I offer you ?
 A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,
 The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave ;
 And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine ;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine :
 Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,
 With streak of lovely white enamel'd o're ;
 Who drein the bagging Udder twice a day,
 And both at home for thy acceptance stay.
 Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she
 Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts

(and me

Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
 The richest Presents that the Spring can make.
 See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee
 Fair *Nais*, scarce thy self so fair as she.
 With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,
 A Garland for thy softer Brow has twin'd.

My self with downy Peaches will appear,
 And Chestnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear :
 Ple crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
 Together bound, because their sweets agree.
 Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,
 Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won :
 Nor canst thou hope, if guifts his mind cou'd sway,
 That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.

Ah me ! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
 Winds blast my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my
 (Streams.

Whom flyst thou ? Gods themselves have had
 In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God. (aboad,
 Let Pallas in the Towns she built, reside,
 To me a Grove's worth all the World beside :
 Lyons chase Wolves, those Wolves a Kid in prime,
 That very Kid seeks Heaths of flowring time,
 While *Corydon* pursues with equal flame ;
Alexis, thee ; each has his several Game.

See how the Ox unyoakt brings home the Plow,
The Shades increas'ing as the Sun goes low.
Blest Fields reliev'd by Nights approach so soon,
Love has no Night ! 'tis always raging Noon !
Ah *Corydon* ! what frenzy fills thy breast ?
Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest.
Luxurious sprouts shut out their ripening Ray,
The Branches shorn, not yet remov'd away,
Recal thy senses, and to work with speed,
Of many Utensils thou stand'st in need.
Fall to thy Labour, quit the peevish Boy ;
Time, or some new desire shall this destroy.

T H E Second Eclogue.

Englified by Mr. CREECH.

The Shepherd Corydon woos Alexis, but finding he could not prevail, he resolves to follow his Affairs, and forget his Passion.

A L E X I S.

Young Corydon (hard Fate) an humble
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain; (Swain)
 He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
 Yet every day through Groves he walkt alone,
 And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan.
 Cruel *Alexis* ! can't my Verses move !
 Hast thou not pitty ? must I dye for Love ?
 Just now the Flocks pursue the shades and cool,
 And every Lizzard creeps into his hole :

B

Brown

Brown *Thestylis* the weary Reapers seeks,
 And brings their Meat, their Onions & their Leeks:
 And whilst I trace thy steps in every Tree
 And every Bush, poor Insects sigh with Me:
 And had it not been better to have born
 The peevish *Amarylli's* Frowns and Scorn,
 Or else *Menalcas*, than this deep despair?
 Though He was black, and Thou art lovely fair!
 Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
 Trust not too much, sweet Youth, to that fair face:
 Things are not always us'd that please the sight,
 We gather Black berries when we scorn the white.
 Thou dost despise me, Thou dost scorn my flame,
 Yet dost not know me, nor how rich I am:
 A thousand tender Lambs, a thousand Kine,
 A thousand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
 My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
 Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.
 I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains;

Nor

Nor is my Face so mean, I lately stood,
 And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
 And think my self, though it were judg'd by you,
 As fair as *Daphni's*, if that glass be true.
 Oh that with me, the humble Plains would please
 The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages !
 Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
 Or drive the Kids, or spread the fowling snare !
 Then you & I would sing like *Pan* in shady Groves ;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves :
Pan both the Sheep, and harmless Shepherd loves }
 Nor must you think the Pipe too mean for you,
 To learn to pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do ?
 I have a Pipe, well season'd, brown, and try'd ;
 Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd :
 He said, here, take it for a Legacy,
 Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee, }
 He said, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me :
 Besides, I found two wanton Kids at Play
 In yonder Vale, and those I brought away,

Young sportive creatures, and of spotted hue,
 Which suckle twice a day, I keep for you :
 These *Thestylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
 But now they're hers, since you my gifts disdain:
 Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
 With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
 The Rose, and thousand other fragrant flowers,
 To please thy Senses in thy softest hours ;
 These *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
 Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
 I'll seek for Chesnuts too in every Grove,
 Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
 The glossie Plums, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
 Delightful All, and many a pretty thing :
 The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree,
 Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree (thee.)
 And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to
 Ah *Corydon* ! Thou art a foolish Swain,
 And coy *Alexis*, doth thy Gifts disdain ;

Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could woe,
Iolas can present him more than you.

What doth the Madman mean ? He idly brings
 Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.

Ah ! whom dost thou avoid ? whom fly ? the Gods
 And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods :

Let *Pallas*, she, whose Art first rais'd a Town,
 Live there, let us delight in Woods alone :

The Boar, the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid pursues,
 The Kid her Thyme, as fast as to'ther do's,

Alexis, *Corydon*, and him alone,

Each hath his Game, and each pursues his own :

Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,

The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now :

And yet my Passion nor my Cares remove,

Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love !

Ah *Corydon* ! what fury's this of thine !

On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine :

Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare

Thy harvest Baskets, and make those thy care,

Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

THE
Third Eclogue.

Or *PALEMON*.

Englisht by Mr. CREECH.

Menalcas and Dametas upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager; Palemon coming that way by chance, is chosen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controversie.

MENALCAS.

TELL me *Dametas*, tell whose Sheep these
DAMETAS. (are?)

Egon's, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care.

MENAL-

M E N A L C A S.

Whilst he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,
 And fears that I shall prove the happier Swain.
 Poor Sheep ! whilst he his hopeless Love pursues,
 Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ews :
 The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins swigg the Teat,
 But find no moisture, and then idly bleat.

D A M E T A S.

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,
 And you know what, for I remember well ;
 I know when, where, and what the Fool design'd,
 And what had hapned, but the Nymphs were kind.

M E N A L C A S.

(Clown,

'Twas then perhaps, when some observ'd the
 Spoil *Myco's* Vines, and cut his Olives down.

D A M E T A S.

Or rather when, where those old Beeches grow,
 You broke young *Daphni's* Arrows and his Bow,
 You saw them given to the lovely Boy,
 Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his joy ,

But hopes of sweet revenge thy Life supply'd,
And hadst thou not done mischief thou hadst dy'd:

MENALCAS.

VVhat will not Master Shepherds dare to do,
VVhen their base slaves pretend so much as you?
Did not I see, not I, you pilfering Sot,
VVhen you lay close, and snapt rich *Damon's* Goat?
His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Robber, see,
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell Thee Shepherd 'twas before my own,
VVe two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he would own, and gave me cause to boast,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he lost.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him! thou never hadst a Pipe,
Well joyn'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under hedges to the long ear'd rout,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a schreeching Note:

DAME.

D A M E T A S.

And shall we have a Tryal of our skill ?
 I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
 Two Calves she suckles, and yet twice a day
 She fills two Pails ; Now speak, what dare you lay ?

M E N A L C A S.

I cannot stake down any of my Flock,
 My Fold is little, and but small my Stock :
 Besides, my Father's covetously crosses,
 My Stepdame curst, and they will find the loss :
 For both strict eyes o're all my actions keep,
 One counts my Kids , and both twice count my
 (Sheep :

But yet I'll lay what you must grant as good,
 (Since you will lose) two Cups of beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work divine,
 And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine ;
 So curiously he hits the various shapes,
 And with pale Ivy cloaths the blushing Grapes ;

It

It doth my eyes, and all my friends delight,
 I'm sure your mouth must water at the sight :
 Within two figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't ? that made the Sphear, }
 And shew'd the various Seasons of the year
 What time to shear our Sheep, what time to plow,
 'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

D A M E T A S.

Alcimedon too made me two beechen Pots,
 And round the handles wrought smooth Ivy-knots;
Orpheus within, and following wood, around
 With bended Tops, seem listning to the sound.
 I never us'd them, never brought them forth ;
 But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

M E N A L C A S.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
 And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by ;
 Sec, 'tis *Palemon* ; come, I'll ne'r give o're,
 Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

D A M E-

P A L E M O N.

D A M E T A S.

MENALCAS.

DAME.

D A M E T A S.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o're the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet would be seen.

M E N A L C A S.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Passion tell,
Our Dogs scarce know my *Delia* half so well.

D A M E T A S.

I'll have a Gift for *Phyllis* ere be long,
I know where Stock-doves build, I'll take their
M E N A L C A S. (young.)

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I sent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but soon I'll send again.

D A M E T A S.

(Love!
What things my Nymph did speak ; what tales of
Winds bear their Musick to the Gods above.

M E N A L C A S.

What boot's it Boy, you not contemn my flame ?
Since whilst I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

D A M E.

D A M E T A S.

My Birth-day comes, fend *Phillis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing time, *Iolas* come.

M E N A L C A S.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,
She sigh'd, farewell, dear Youth, a long farewell.

D A M E T A S.

(blown,
VVolves ruin Flocks, VVind Trees, when newly
Storms Corn, and me my *Amarylli's* Frown.

M E N A L C A S.

Dew swells the Corn, Kids browse the tender
The Goats love fallow; fair *Amyntas* me. (Tree,

D A M E T A S.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a rustick Song,
Muse feed a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

M E N A L C A S.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's command,
Muse feed the Bulls that push, and spurn the sand.

D A M E -

D A M E T A S.

Let *Pollio* have what e're thy wish provokes,
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

M E N A L C A S.

He that loves *Bavins* Songs, may fancy thine,
The fame may couple Wolves, and shear his Swine.

D A M E T A S.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and shoots a Sting.

M E N A L C A S.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

D A M E T A S.

Kids from the River drive, and fling your Hook ;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow Brook.

M E N A L C A S.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk maid stroaks an empty Teat.

DAME-

D A M E T A S.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field !
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdsman kill'd.

M E N A L C A S.

Sure these feel none of Loves devouring flames,
Meer skin and bone, & yet they drain their Dams :
Ah me ! what Sorcerers has bewitch'd my Lambs !

D A M E T A S.

Tell me where Heaven is just three inches broad,
And I'll believe Thee Prophet, or a God :

M E N A L C A S.

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phyllis* shall be yours.

P A L E M O N.

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,
For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both ; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love :
But my work calls, let's break the Meeting off,
Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk
enough.

Eclogue

T H E
Fourth Eclogue.

P O L L I O.

Englished by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloninus, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.

Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain! (the Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade
Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song shall make 'em worth a Consul's care.
The last great Age foretold by sacred Rhymes,
Renews its finish'd Course, *Saturnian* times

Rowl

Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.
 The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends ;
 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends ;
 O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mothers pains,
 And haste the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo*
 (reigns !

The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace ;
 Majestick Months set out with him to their
 (appointed Race.

The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore, (more.
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty world no
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be (see.
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes
 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal Virtues rule mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring) }
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.

The Goats with strutting Duggs shall homeward
(speed,

And lowing Herds, secure from ; Lyons feed.

His Cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd ;

The Serpents Brood shall die : the sacred ground

Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,

Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.

But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,

And form it to Hereditary Praise ;

Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,

And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.

The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,

And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold

(shall creep.

Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,

The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :

Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round;

And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground.

Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,

Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore

Shall

Shall land the chosen Chiefs:

Another *Helen* other Wars create, (Fate:

And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan*

But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,

The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego;

No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;

For every Soil shall every Product bear.

The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoyn, (Vine: }

No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the }

Nor wooll shall in dissembled colours shine.

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,

With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,

Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:

And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,

Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to awful Honours move,

O of Cœlestial Stem! O foster Son of *Jove*!

See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain

The nodding frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;

See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
 And joyful Ages from behind, stand crowding to
 (appear.

To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song ;
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Lays,
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes :
 Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire ;
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phæbus* tune the
 (Lyre.

Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, & thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges should their God condemn.

Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about (single out ;
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother
 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and
 (Travail to requite.

Then smile ; the frowning Infants Doom is read,
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless
 (the Bed.

THE

THE
Fifth Eclogue.

D A P H N I S.

Englified by Mr. D U K E.

M E N A L C A S, M O P S U S.

M E N A L C A S.

M*Opus*, since chance does us together bring,
And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
Why sit we not beneath this secret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made ?

M O P S U S.

Your Age commands Respect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copsè will stay,

Where western Winds the bending Branches shake,
 And in their play the Shades uncertain make :
 Or whether to that silent Cave you go,
 The better choice ! see how the wild Vines grow,
 Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
 And in the Cave their purple clusters shed !

MENALCAS.

Amintas only dares contend with you.

MOPSVS.

Why not as well contend with *Phæbus* too ?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful flame
 Of dying *Phillis*, whether *Alcons* fame,
 Or *Codrus*'s Brawls thy willing Muse provoke ;
 Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSVS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,
 That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
 And set to sweetest Notes ; yes, I'll begin,
 And after that, bid you *Amintas* sing.

MENAL-

M E N A L C A S.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,
 Yields to the beautiful Blushes of the Rose,
 Or bending Osiers to the Olive-Tree;
 So much, I judge, *Amintas* yields to thee.

M O P S U S.

Shepherd, to this Discourse, here put an end,
 This is the Cave, sit and my Verse attend.

M O P S U S.

When the sad fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
 The pitying Nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.
 Witness, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;
 Witness, you Floods, swoln with their weeping
 The mournful Mother (on his body cast) (Eyes.
 The sad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,
 And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
 The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
 Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
 Nor thirsty Herds to the cool River drive;

The generous Horse turn'd from fresh Streams his
 And on the sweetest Grass refus'd to feed. (head,
Daphnis, thy death, even fiercest Lions mourn'd,
 And Hills & Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceness broke,
 And brought 'em willing to the Sacred Yoke ;
Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worship did ordain
 The Revels of his consecrated Train ;
 The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
 And their long Spears with clustered branches
 bound.

As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
 As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn ;
 Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all
 That glori'd to be thine : since thy sad Fall,
 No more *Apollo* his glad presence yields,
 And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.
 Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,
 Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow ;

And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,
The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn.

Come Shepherds strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd
(ground,

The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround ;
Daphni these Rites requires : to *Daphni's* praise
Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,

Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphni lye ;

Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.

M E N A L C A S.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears

Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful Verse ;

As to tir'd Swains soft slumbers on the Grass,

As freshest Springs that through green Meadows
(pass

To one that's parch'd with thirst & summers heat,

In thee thy Master does his equal meet :

Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,

Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed !

Yet

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing :
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,
 Will raise ; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire ?
 For neither can there be a subject higher,
 Nor, if the praise of *Stimichon* be true,
 Can it be better sung than 'tis by you ?

M E N A L C A S.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious show,
 Through Heavens bright Pavement does triumph-
 (phant go,
 And sees the moving Clouds, and the fixt stars
 (below :

Therefore new joys make glad the Woods, the
 (Plains,
Pan and the Dryades, and the chearful Swains.
 The Wolf no Ambush for the Flock does lay,
 No cheating Nets the harmless Deer betray,
Daphnis a general Peace commands, and nature
 (does obey.

Hark !

Hark ! the glad Mountains raise to Heaven their
(Voice !

Hark ! the hard Rocks in mystick tunes rejoyce !

Hark ! through the Thickets wondrous Songs
(resound.

A God ! A God ! *Menalcas*, he is Crown'd !

O be propitious ! O be good to thine !

See ! here four hallow'd Altars we design,

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phæbus* two we raise,

To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praise :

Sacred to Thee they each returning year

Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl shall bear :

Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise

Thy Votaries exalted thoughts to raise,

Rich *Chian* Wines shall in full Goblets flow,

And give a taste of *Nectar* here below.

Dametas shall with *Liétian Ægon* joyn,

To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.

Alphesibæus with a reeling Gate,

Shall the wild Satyr's dancing imitate.

When

When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
 When we with solemn Rites our Fields survey,
 These Honours ever shall be Thine ; The Bore
 Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more ;
 No more in Streams the Fish, in Flow'rs the Bee,
 E're *Daphnis* we forget our songs to Thee :
 Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year,
 Shall as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* bear.
 To Thee as to those Gods shall Vows be made,
 And Vengeance wait on those, by whom they are
 (not paid.

M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse, can *Mopsus* find ?
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern Wind
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind ;
 Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
 Nor Rivers that through stony Valleys glide.

M E N A L C A S.

First you this Pipe shall take : and 'tis the same
 That play'd poor *Corydons* unhappy Flame : *Ecl. 2.*

The same that taught me *Melibæus's* Sheep. *Ecl. 3.*

M O P S U S.

You then shall for my sake this Sheephook keep,

Adorn'd with Brags, which I have oft deni'd

To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.

And who wou'd think he then in vain could sue?

Yet him I could deny, and freely give it you.

THE

T H E
Sixth Eclogue.

S I L E N T I U S.

Englished by the Earl of ROSCOMON.

My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latine, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.

I First of *Romans* stoop'd to Rural strains ,
Nor blush'd to dwell among ¹*Sicilian* Swains,
When my ²*Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phæbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this Whisper check th' aspiring Muse.

A

A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flocks should feed,
 And chuse a Subject suited to his Reed:
 Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
 To write thy Praises *Varus*³, and thy Wars)
 My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,
 And every Grove and every Eccho ring. |
Phæbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
 And none who under that protection came,
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame. }

Proceed my Muse.

4 Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*, chanc'd to stray,
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
 And always boyl in each extended vein ;

His

His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use ;
 Drop'd from his head, a Wreath lay on the ground ;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound ;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his Instructive Song :
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest *Nais*⁶ of the Flood,
 With a Vermilion-dye⁷ his Temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd ?
 Loose me, he cry'd ; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,
 (She shall be satisfi'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
 The knotty Oaks their listning branches bow'd,
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd ;

For lo ! he sung the Worlds stupendious Birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
 And purer Fire, through universal night,
 And empty space did fruitfully unite,
 From whence th' innumerable race of things;
 By circular successive Order springs.

By what degrees this Earths compacted Sphere
 Was hardned, Woods & Rocks and Towns to bear;
 How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
 Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
 While from above adorn'd with radiant light,
 A new born Sun surpriz'd the dazled sight ;
 How Vapors turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,
 And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply ;
 How the first Forest rais'd its shady head,
 Till when, few wandering Beasts on unknown
 (Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,
 Old *Saturn* reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,

D

And

And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd desire
⁸ Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly fire)
 Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endless Prey,
 Severely pays for animating Clay. (tell ?
 He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
 Into whose Arms the lovely *Hylas* ⁹ fell ;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with compassion told *Pasiphae's* fault,
 Ah ! wretched Queen ! whence came that guilty
 (thought ?
¹⁰ The Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
 And imitated Lowings fill'd the Skies,
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat. (ftray,
 Ah ! wretched Queen ! while you on Mountains
 He on soft Flowers his snowy side does lay ;
 Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love :
 Surround my Nymphs, she cries, surround the Grove ;
 Perhaps

Perhaps some footsteps printed in the Clay,
Will to my Love direct our wandring way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I rove,
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,
And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the World th'ambitious Brother burn'd
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* will
Guide wandring ¹¹ *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:
(Which place the God for solemn Meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned Senate rose,
And ¹² *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd:
This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,
To this, the Muses Gift, joyn thy harmonious Song;

Charm'd by these strings Trees starting from the
 (Ground,
 Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound,
 Thus consecrated thy ¹³ *Grynean* Grove
 Shall have no equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why should I speak of the ¹⁴ *Megarian* Maid,
 For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd ?
 And her, ¹⁵ who round with barking Monsters arm'd,
 The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd ;
 Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends, ¹⁶
 While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd shape,
 And dire revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,
 Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,
 Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
 While loth to leave the Palace to well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her
 (own.
 What-

Whatever near ¹⁷*Eurotas*'s happy stream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo*'s Theam,
Silenus sings ; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And send his Myftick numbers through the sky,
Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale ;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmuring world
(*refign'd*).

P O S T S C R I P T.

1. *Sicilian*——*Virgil* in his Eclogue, imitates *Theocritus* a *Sicilian* Poet.
2. *Thalia*——The name of the Rural Muse.
3. *Varus*——A great Favourite of *Augustus*, the same that was kill'd in *Germany*, and lost the Roman Legions.
4. *Chromis* and *Mnasyllus*——Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds : I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.
5. *They bound*——*Proteus*, *Pan*, and *Silenus* would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
6. *Nais*——The Latin word for a water-Nymph.
7. *Vermilion Dye*——The Colour that *Pan* and *Silenus* lov'd best.
8. *Rival'd the Sun*——*Minerva* delighted with the Art and Industry of *Prometheus* (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. *Ov.* 2. *M.*
9. *Hylas*——Favorite of *Hercules*, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole

stole him away : I use the word *resounds* (in the Present Tense) because *Strabo* (who lived at the same time as *Virgil*) seems to intimate, that the *Prusians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

10. *The Maids of Argos*———Daughters of *Prætis*, King of *Argos*, who presumed so much upon their Beauty, that they preterr'd it to *Juno's*, who in revenge, struck them with such a Madness, that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by *Melampodes* with Hellebore, and for that reason, Black Hellebore is called Melampodion.

11. *Gallus* ——an excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil*, he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same *Gallus* you read of in the last Eclogue : And *Suidas* says, that *Virgil* means him by *Aristæus*, in the divine Conclusion of his Georgicks.

12. *Linus* Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.

13. *The Grynean Grove* ——Consecrated to *Apollo* ; by this he means some Poem writ upon that Subject by *Gallus*,

14. *The Megarian Maid*———*Sylla* daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.

-
15. *Her who round*———another *Sylla*, daughter of *Phorcis*, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and she, in despair, flung her self into the Sea.
16. *Whose only Hope*———*Ulysses's* Ships were not lost, though *Scylla* devoured several of his Men.
17. *Eurotas*——— a River in *Greece*, whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.
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THE

THE Seventh Eclogue.

Englisht by Mr. A D A M S.

*This Eclogue is wholly Pastoral, and consists of the
Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrsis and Co-
ridon, to the hearing of which, Melibæus was in-
vited by Daphnis, and thus relates it.*

M E L I B Œ U S.

WHile *Daphnis* fate beneath a whisp'ring
(shade,

Thyrsis and *Coridon* together fed (wooll

Their mingling Flocks ; his Sheep with softest

Where cloath'd his Goats of sweetest Milk were

(full.

Both in the beauteous spring of blooming Youth,

The worthy Pride of blest *Arcadia* both ;

D ;

Each

Each with like Art, his tuneful voice cou'd raise,
Each answer readily in rural Lays ;
Hither the father of my Flock had stray'd,
While Shelters I for my young Myrtles made ;
Here I fair *Daphnis* saw ; when me he spy'd,
Come hither quickly, gentle Youth ! he cry'd.
Your Goat and Kids are safe, O seek not those,
But if you've leisure in this Shade repose :
Hither to water, the full Heifers tend, ascend,
When length'ning Shadows from the Hills de-
Mincius with reeds here interweaves his bounds,
And from that sacred Oak, a busie swarm resounds.
What should I do ? nor was *Alcippe* there,
Nor *Phillis*, who might of my Lambs take care ;
Yet to my business, I their sports prefer,
For the two Swains with great Ambition strove,
Who best could tune his Reed, or best could sing
(his Love ;

Al-

Alternate Verse their ready Muses chose ;
 In Verse alternate each quick fancy flows ;
 These sang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrsis* those.

C O R I D O N.

Ye much lov'd Muses ! such a Verse bestow,
 As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,
 Or if all can't obtain the Gift divine,
 My Pipe I'll consecrate on yonder Pine.

T H Y R S I S.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
 Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with spite be torn ;
 Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,
 Lest his ill Tongue your future Poet harm

C O R I D O N.

These branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boars head,
 By little *Mycon*'s, on thy Altar laid,
 If this continue *Delia* ! thou shalt stand
 Of smoothest Marble by the skilful'st hand.

T H Y R S.

 THYRSIS.

This Milk, these Cakes, *Priapus* every year
 Expect, a little Garden is thy care,
 Thou'rt Marble now, but if more land I hold,
 If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.

CORIDON.

O *Galatea*! sweet as *Hyblas* Thyme (Prime-
 White as, more White, then Swans are in their
 Come, when the Herds shall to their Stalls repair,
 O come, if e're thy *Coridon*'s thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harsh as bitterest herbs appear
 Rough as wild Myrtles, vile as Sea-Weeds are;
 If years seem longer then this tedious day,
 Hast home my Glutton Herd, hast hast away.

CORIDON.

Ye Mossie springs! ye Pastures! softer far
 Then thoughtless hours of sweetest slumbers are,
 Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
 On the glad Vines the swelling Buds appear.

THYR-

T H Y R S I S.

Here on my hearth a constant flame does play,
 And the fat vapour paints the roof each day,
 Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
 As Streams their banks, or Wolves do number mind.

C O R I D O N.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,
 While their ripe fruit lies scatter'd on each side ;
 All nature smiles, but if *Alexis* stay
 From our sad Hills the Rivers weep away,

T H Y R S I S.

The dying grafs, with sickly air does fade,
 No field's unparcht, no vines our Hills do shade ;
 But if my *Phillis* come all sprouts again,
 And bounteous *Jove* descends in kindly rain.

C O R I D O N.

Bacchus the Vine, the Laurel *Phæbus* loves,
 Fair *Venus* cherishes the myrtle Groves, (Tree,
Phillis the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that
 Myrtles and Lawrels of less fame shall be.

T H Y R.

THYRSIS.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,
The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods ;
If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou see,
To thee the Ash shall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBÆUS.

These I remember well
While vanquish'd *Thyrsis* did contend in vain,
Thence *Coridon* young *Coridon* does reign
The best the sweetest on our wondring Plain.

The

T H E

Eighth Eclogue.

P H A R M A C E U T R I A.

Englished by Mr. STAFFORD.

S Ad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Muse
 I sing : to hear whose notes the Herds refuse
 Their needful food, the salvage Lynxes gaze,
 And stopping Streams their pressing waters raise. }
 I sing sad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Lays ;
 And Thou (whatever part is blest with thee,
 The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
 Smile on my Verse : is there in fate an hour
 To swell my numbers with my Emperour ?
 There is, and to the world there shall be known
 A Verse, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.

Amidst

Amidst the Laurels on thy Front divine
 Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine: (rhine.
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be }
 Night scarce was past, the Morn was yet so new,
 And well pleas'd Herds yet rowl'd upon the dew;
 When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
 And sung, rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
 Rise, rise, while *Nisa's* falshood I deplore,
 And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,
 To hear my sad expiring Muse and Me. (mony.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

On *Menalus* stand ever-echoing Groves,
 Still trusted with the harmless Shepherds loves:
 Here *Pan* resides, who first made Reeds and
 (Verse agree.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your
 (harmony.

Mopsus is *Nisa's* choice; how just are Lovers fears?
 Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years
 Shall

Shall see the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.
 O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, & fling
 Thy Nuts, see modest *Hesper* quits the Sky. (mony.
 To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

O happy Nymph, blest in a wondrous choice,
 For *Mopsus* you contemn'd my Verse and Voice :
 For him my Beard was shaggy in your eye ;
 For him, you laugh'd at every Deity. (mony.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har- }

VWhen first I saw thee young and charming too,
 Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
 My thirteenth year was downy on my chin, (win;
 And hardly could my hands the lowest branches
 How did I gaze ? how did I gazing dye ? (ny.
 To *Mænalus* my Pipes & Muse tune all your harmo-

I know thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,
 And *Thracian* Rocks thy infant fury fed :

Hard

Hard foul'd, and not of humane Progeny. (mony
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
Her hands in blood : 'twas Love her Children flew :
Was she more cruel, or more impious he ?
An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother she.
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your
(harmony.)

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Rose ;
From Reeds and Thistles Balm and Amber Spring,
And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to sing :
Let *Tityrus* in woods with *Orpheus* vie,
And soft *Arion* on the Waves desie ; (harmony.)
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewell ye Woods :
From yon high Cliff, I'll plung into the Floods.

ony
nar
O *Nisa* take this dismal Legacy ; (harmony.
Now cease my Pipes and Muse, cease all your

ew
Thus He, *Alphesibæus* song rehearse :
Ye sacred Nine above my rural Verse ;
Bring water, Altars bind with mystick bands,
Burn Gums and Vervain, & lift high the Wands;
We'll mutter sacred magick till it warms
My icie Swain ; 'tis Verse we want ; my charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

ng,
: And Circe chang'd, by Charms, *Ulysses*'s friends ;
By charms the Serpent burst : ye pow'rful Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
Which thrice I drag the sacred Altars round.
Unequal numbers please the Gods : my Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

There

Three knots of treble colour'd filk we tye ;
 Haste *Amaryllis*, knit e'm instantly :
 And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains ; my Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Just as before this fire the Wax and Clay
 One melts, one hardens, let him waste away.
 Strew Corn and Salt, and burn those leaves of Bay.
 I burn these Leaves, but he burns me : my Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage, as when the bellowing Kind,
 Mad with desire, run round the Woods to find
 Their Mates ; when tir'd, their tremblings limbs
 Near some cool Stream, nor mind the setting day :
 Thus let him rage, unpitied too : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

These Garments once were my perfidious Swains,
 Which to the Earth I cast : ah dear remains !
 Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Marie

Mæris himself these Herbs from *Pontus* brought,
Pontus for every noble Poyson fought ;
 Aided by these, he now a VVolf becomes,
 Now draws the Buried stalking from their tombs,
 The Corn from field to field transports : my Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Cast o're your head the ashes in the Brook,
 Cast backwark o're your head, nor turn your look.
 I strive, but Gods and Art he flights : my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold new flames from the dead ashes rise,
 Blest be the Omen, blest the Prodigies,
 For *Hylax* barks, shall we believe our eyes?
 Or do we Lovers dream ? cease, cease, my Charms,
 My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my
 (arms.

The

The same ECLOGUE,

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Love's recite,
 The Shepherd's envy, and the Fields delight :
 Whom as they strove, the listening Heifers stood,
 Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food ;
 They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves and led
 The wondering Rivers from their wonted Bed.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
 The Shepherd's Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you Great Prince, whose Empire unconfin'd,
 As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
 Whether you with victorious Troops pass o're
Timavus Rocks, or coast th' *Illyrian* shore ;
 Shall I beginning with these Rural lays,
 Ever my Muse to such perfection raise,
 As without rashness to attempt your praise?

And

And thro' the subject World, your Deeds rehearse,
Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse!

My first Fruits now I to your Altar bring

You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.

Mean while among your Laurel Wreaths allow

This Ivy Branch to shade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun dispell'd the shades of Night;

Whilst dewy browze the Cattel does invite ;

When in a mournful posture, pale, and wan

The luckless *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thou drowsie Star of Morning, come away;

Come and lead forth the sacred Lamp of day ;

Whilst I by *Nisa* baffl'd and betray'd,

Dying to Heaven accuse the perjur'd Maid.

But Prayers are all lost Breath; the Powers above

Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,

As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

'Tis a most blessed place, that *Arcady* !
 And Shepherds bless'd, who in those Coverts lye !
 Musick and Love is all their business there,
Pan doth himself part in those Consorts bear :
 The vocal Pines with clasping Arms conspire,
 To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.
 Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mopsus does *Nisa*, a cheap conquest gain,
 Presented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain,
 What hour secure, what respite to his Mind
 In this false World can a poor Lover find ?
 Let Griffins Mares, and Eagles Turtles woo,
 And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs pursue,
 These may indeed subject of wonder prove,
 But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.

Mopsus buy Torches, *Hymen* you must joyn ;
 Bespeak our *Bride-cake*, *Hesperus* all is thine.

Begin

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

A worthy Match, and just reward of Pride,
Whilst you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
Too long my Beard, nor smooth enough my Face:
And with my Person, you my Flocks disgrace.
There are *revenging Gods*, proud Nymphs, there
And injur'd Love is Heav'n's peculiar care, (are,
Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careless thought
Your Mother you into our Garden brought
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges sought;
The fairest Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away, (astray.
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute lead

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now Love I know you, for my self, too late :
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.
Trust not his flattering Voice, or smiling Face,
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
Not one of us, nor like the *British* Race,
She Wolves gave Suck to the *pernicious* Boy,
The *Shepherds* he, *they* do the *Flocks* destroy.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mischief is all his Sport ; at his Commands,
In her Sons Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands ;
A sad unnatural Mother she, 'tis true,
But *Love*, that Cruelty she learn'd of *you*.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
 Now into all extravagance will run :
 The Tamarisk bright Amber shall distil,
 And the course Alder bear soft Daffadil.
 Shortly the Screch-Owl, with her boading Throat,
 The Swans shall *Rival* in their *dying* note,
 S..... and O..... the Bays shall claim,
 And equal *Dr.....* and *Ros.....*'s Fame.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the World sink with me ! farewell ye Groves,
 Haunts of my Youth, and Conscious of my Loves :
 Down from the Precipice my self I'll cast,
 Accept this present *Nisa*--- 'tis my last.

Then cease my Flute, for ever cease thy strains,
 Bid a sad silence through th' *Arcadian* Plains,

THE Ninth Eclogue.

When Virgil by the Favour of Augustus had recover'd his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour in reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Eclogue therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage; and the persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of Virgil, and his Friend.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO Moeris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O Lycidas at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my Farm and me)

When

When the grim Captain in a furly tone
 Cries out, pack up ye Rascals and be gone.
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd,
 And these two Kids, to' appease his angry Mood }
 I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

L T C I D A S.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
 That from the sloaping Mountain to the Vale,
 And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

M O E R I S.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs & Rhimes
 Prevail, as much in these hard iron times,
 As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that rise
 Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.
 And had not *Phæbus* warn'd me by the croak
 Of an old Raven from a hollow Oak,
 To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
 And *Moeris* not surviv'd him to complain.

L Y C I D A S.

Now Heaven defend ! could barbarous rage prevail
 So far, the sacred Muses to assail ?
 Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse
 The waters gliding in a smother Verse !
 Or *Amaryllis* praise that heavenly lay,
 That shorten'd as we went, our tedious way ;
 O *Tityrus*, tend my herd and see them fed ;
 To Morning pastures Evening waters led :
 And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting head.

M O E R I S.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read ;
 Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder pow'rs (Tow'rs
 Preserve our plains, and shield the *Mantuan*
 Obnoxious by (*Cremonas* neighb'ring Crime,)
 The wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd
 (Rhyme,
 Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
 Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

L Y C I D A S.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne're be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend
And Trees to Goats their willing branches bend;
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
At least the Shepherds seem to like my lays,
But I discern their flattery from their praise:
I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire;
But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like
(quire.

M O E R I S.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind :
Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar kind.
Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake,
What pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse
(murmurs make ?

See on the Shore inhabits purple spring ;
Where Nightingales their Love-sick ditty sing ;

See

See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs
(the ground
The Grottoes cool, with shady Poplars crown'd
And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around.
Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.

L Y C I D A S.

Or that sweet Song I heard with such delight ;
The same you sung alone one starry night ;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old Records,
To know the seasons when the stars arise ?
See *Cæsar's* Lamp is lighted in the Skies :
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender shoot ;
Thy Childrens Children shall enjoy the fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme :

I cou'd have once sung down a Summers Sun,
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
 My voice grows hoarse ; I feel the Notes decay,
 As if the Wolves had seen me first to day.
 But these, and more then I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

L Y C I D A S.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more ;
 And now the Waves roul silent to the shore.
 Husht winds the topmost branches scarcely bend
 As if thy tuneful Song they did attend :
 Already we have half our way o'recome ;
 Far off I can discern *Bianors* Tomb ; (Bowr
 Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a
 Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
 We've day before us, yet to reach the Town :
 Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,
 A Song will help the beating storm to bear.

And

And that thou maist not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy Load.

M O E R I S.

Cease to entreat me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another day.
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
And find a friend at Court, I'll find a voice.

T H E
Tenth Eclogue.
G A L L U S.

Englisht by Mr. S T A F F O R D.

S *Scilian* Nymph, assist my mournful strains;
The last I sing in rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verse so tender and so true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a verse to Grief and *Gallus* due?

So,

So, when thy VVaters pass beneath the Tide,
 Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
 Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapless Vows ;
 VVhile, on the tender Twigs, the Cattel browse :
 Nothing is deaf ; Woods listen, while we sing,
 And echoing Groves resound and Mountains ring.
 Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
 When to unpitied flames he was betray'd ?
 Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
 Nor was *Parnassus* guilty of your stay :
 The Bays, whose honours he so long had kept,
 The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
 When stretcht beneath a Rock, he sigh'd alone,
 The Mountain pines and *Menalus* did groan,
 And cold *Lyceus* wept from every stone.
 His Flock surrounded him : nor think thy fame
 Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name ;
 Ere thou and I our sheep to Pastures led,
 His Flocks the Goddess lov'd *Adonis* fed.

The Shepherds came ; the sluggish Neat-herd

(Swains,

And Swine-herds reeking from their Mast and

(Grains.

All askt from whence this frenzy ? *Phæbus* came

To see his Poet, *Phæbus* askt the same :

And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care, }
 Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare }
 The Frosts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms }
 of War. }

Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore ;

A Wreath of Lillies on his head he wore.

Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too, }
 His skin all dy'd of a Vermilion hue : }

He cry'd, what mad designs dost thou pursue ? }

Nor satisfy'd with dew the grass appears

With browse the Kids, nor cruel Love with tears.

When thus (and sorrow melted in his eyes)

Gallus to his *Arcadian* friends replies :

Ye gentle Swains, sing to the Rocks my moan,
 (For you *Arcadian* Swains shou'd sing alone :)
 How calm a rest my wearied Ghost wou'd have,
 If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?
 O that your birth and business had been mine,
 To feed a Flock, or press the swelling Vine!
 Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been
 My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,
 (What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?)
 Secure in that unenvied state, among
 The Poplars, I my careless limbs had flung;
Phillis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* sung.
 Behold, fair Nymph, what bliss the Country
 (yields
 The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the
 (laughing Fields.
 Next all the Pleasures of the Forest see :
 Where I could melt away my years with Thee.

But

But furious Love denies me soft repose,
 And hurls me on the pointed spears of foes.
 While thou (but ah ! that I should find it so,
 Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, dost go
 Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.
 Yet, flying me, no hardship maist thou meet ;
 Nor Snow nor Ice offend those tender feet.
 But let me run to desarts , and rehearse
 On my *Sicilian* reeds *Euphorions* Verse ;
 Ev'n in the Dens of Monsters let me lye,
 Those I can tame, but not your cruelty.
 On smoothest rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe ;
 And as the rinds encrease, the love shall grow.
 Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* resort,
 I'll make the Boar my danger and my sport.
 When, from the Vales the jolly cry resounds,
 What rain or cold shall keep me from my Hounds ?
 Methinks my ears the sprightly consort fills ;
 I seem to bound thro' Woods and mount o're Hills.

My Arm of a *Cydonian* Javelin seiz'd,
 As if by this my madness cou'd be eas'd ;
 Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.
 My frenzy changes now ; and Nymphs and Verse

(I hate,
 And Woods ; for ah, what toil can stubborn
 (Love abate !

Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,
 And shiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,
 Or to the swarthy *Ethiopes* Clime remove,
 Parcht all below, and burning all above,
 Ev'n there wou'd Love o'ecome ; then, let us
 yield to Love.

Let this sad Lay suffice, by sorrow breath'd,
 While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd :
 My rural Numbers, in their homely guise
Gallus, because they came from me, will prize :
Gallus, whose growing Love my breast does rend,
 As shooting Trees the bursting Bark distend.

Now rise, for Night and Dew the Fields invade ;
 And *Juniper* is an unwholesome shade : .
 Blasts kill the Corn by night, and Flow'rs with
 (Mildew fade.)

Bright *Hesper* twinkles from afar ; away
 My Kids, for you have had a feast to day.

T H E Last Eclogue.

Translated, or rather Imitated,
 In the Year 1666.

O Ne labour more, O *Arethusa*, yield
 Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
 Some Verses to my *Gallus* e're we part,
 Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,
 As she did his, who can refuse a Song,
 To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young !

So

So may'st thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* please,
 When thou creep'st under the *Sicanian* Seas.
 Begin, and sing *Gallus* unhappy fires,
 Whilst yonder Goat to yonder branch aspires
 Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;
 An answer comes from every trembling leaf.
 What Woods, what Forrests had intic'd your stay?
 Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?
 When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnassus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
 To stop your course; nor could your hasty flight
 Be stay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
 Him the fresh Lawrels, him the lowly Heath
 Bewail'd with dewy tears; his parting breath
 Made lofty *Mænalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycæan Marbles wept when he was dead.
 Under a lonely Tree he lay and pind,
 His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
 As he on love; such kind and gentle Sheep,
 Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.

There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
 Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Frost and Winds.
 All ask him whence, for whom this fatal love,
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
 Why *Gallus* ? why so fond, he says, thy flame,
 Thy care, *Licoris*, is anothers game ;
 For him she sighs and raves, him she pursues
 Thorough the mid-day heats and morning-dews ;
 Over the snowy Cliffs and frozen streams,
 Through noisy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy dreams,
 She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain
 Hanging his mournful head, *Phæbus* in vain
 Offers his Herbs, imploy's his Counsel here ;
 'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a tear. (Trees
 What shakes the Branches ! what makes all the
 Begin to bow their heads, the Goats their Knees ?
 Oh ! 'tis *Silvanus*, with his mossie Beard
 And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
 Of Wood-born Satyrs ; see ! he shakes his Spear,
 A Green young Oak, the tallest of the year.

Pan the *Arcadian* God forsook the Plains,
 Mov'd with the story of his *Gallus* pains.
 We saw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
 Painted with Berries-juice; we saw him stand
 And gaze upon his shepherds bathing eyes;
 And what, no end, no end of grief he cries !
 Love, little minds all thy consuming care,
 Or restless thoughts, they are his daily fare.
 Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs
 Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
 Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
 And toucht the Shepherd with his Hazle-Rod :
 He, sorrow slain, seem'd to revive, and said,
 But yet *Arcadians* is my grief allay'd,
 To think that in these Woods, and Hills, & Plains,
 When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains
 Shall sing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inspir'd
 By *Phæbus* ; Oh ! how gently shall these tir'd
 And fainting Limbs repose in endless sleep,
 Whilst your sweet Notes my love immortal keep !
 Would

Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
 Just one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
 Or wield a Hook, or prune a branching Vine,
 And known no other Love, but *Phillis* thine;
 Or thine *Amintas*; what though both are brown,
 So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,
 Amongst the Vines the Willows and the Springs,
Phillis makes Garlands, and *Amintas* sings.
 No cruel absence calls my love away,
 Further then Bleeting Sheep can go astray,
 Here my *Licoris*, here are shady Groves,
 Here Fountains cool, and Meadows soft, our loves
 And lives may here together wear and end:
 O the true Joys of such a Fate and Friend!
 I now am hurried by severe Commands,
 Into remotest Parts, among the Bands
 Of armed Troops; there by my foes pursu'd;
 Here by my friends; but still by love subdu'd.
 Thou far from home, and me, art wandring o're
 The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Western shore,

The

The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet
 Ah, gently, gently, least thy tender feet
 Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely arms ;
 The Northern cold relents not at their charms :
 Away I'll go into some shady Bowers,
 And sing the Songs I made in happier hours,
 And charm my woes. How can I better chuse,
 Then amongst wildest Woods my self to lose,
 And carve our Loves upon the tender Trees,
 There they will thrive ? See how my love agrees,
 With the young Plants : look how they grow
 (together,
 In spite of Absence, and in spite of Weather.
 Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o're
 Yon woody Hill ; I'll chase the grizly Boar,
 I'll find *Diana's* and her Nymphs resort ;
 No Frosts, no Storms, shall slack my eager Sport.
 Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
 And hollow sounding Woods : look how my Locks

Are

Are torn with Boughs & Thorns ; my Shafts are gone
My legs are tir'd, and all my sport is done.

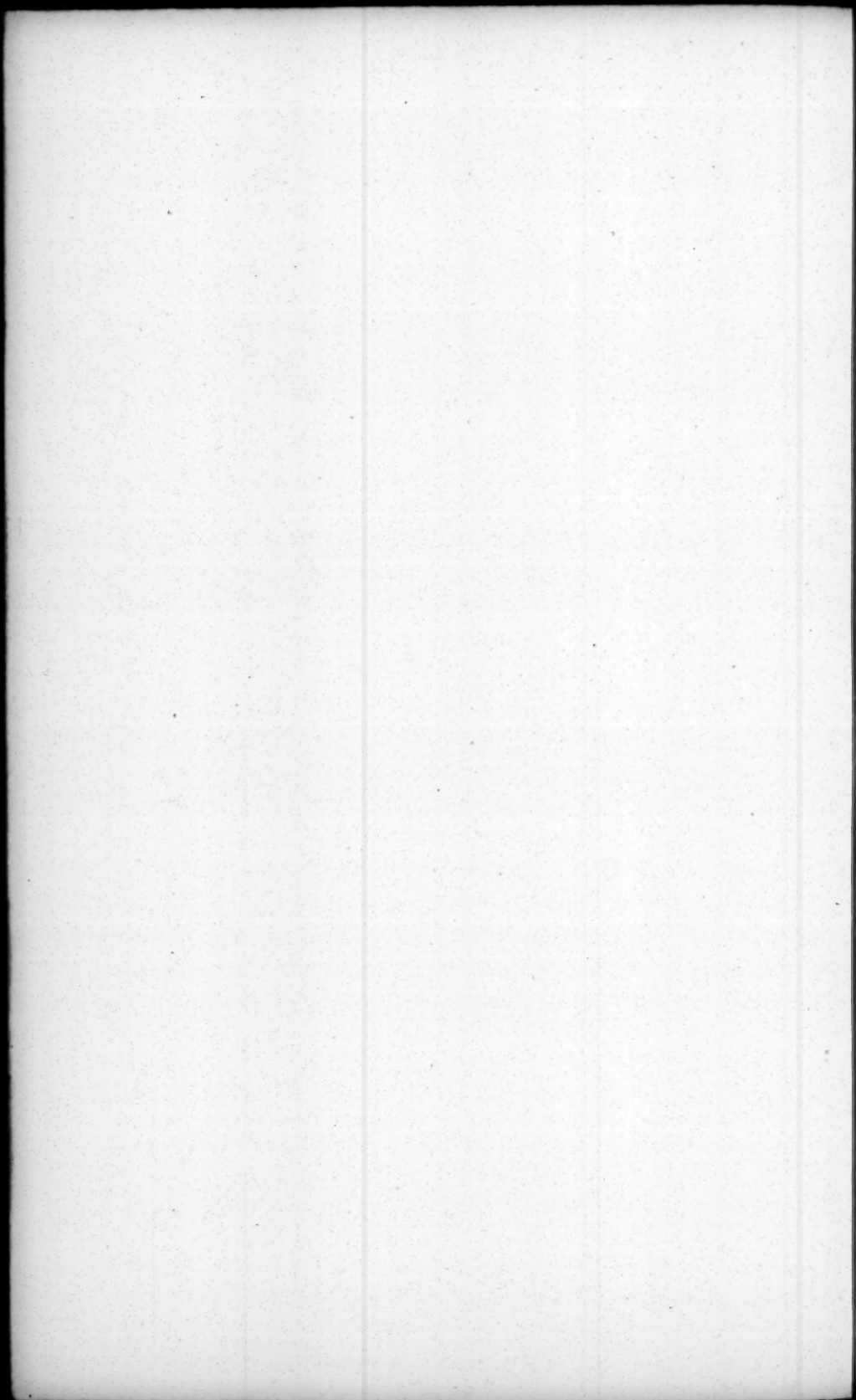
Alas ! this is no cure for my Disease ;

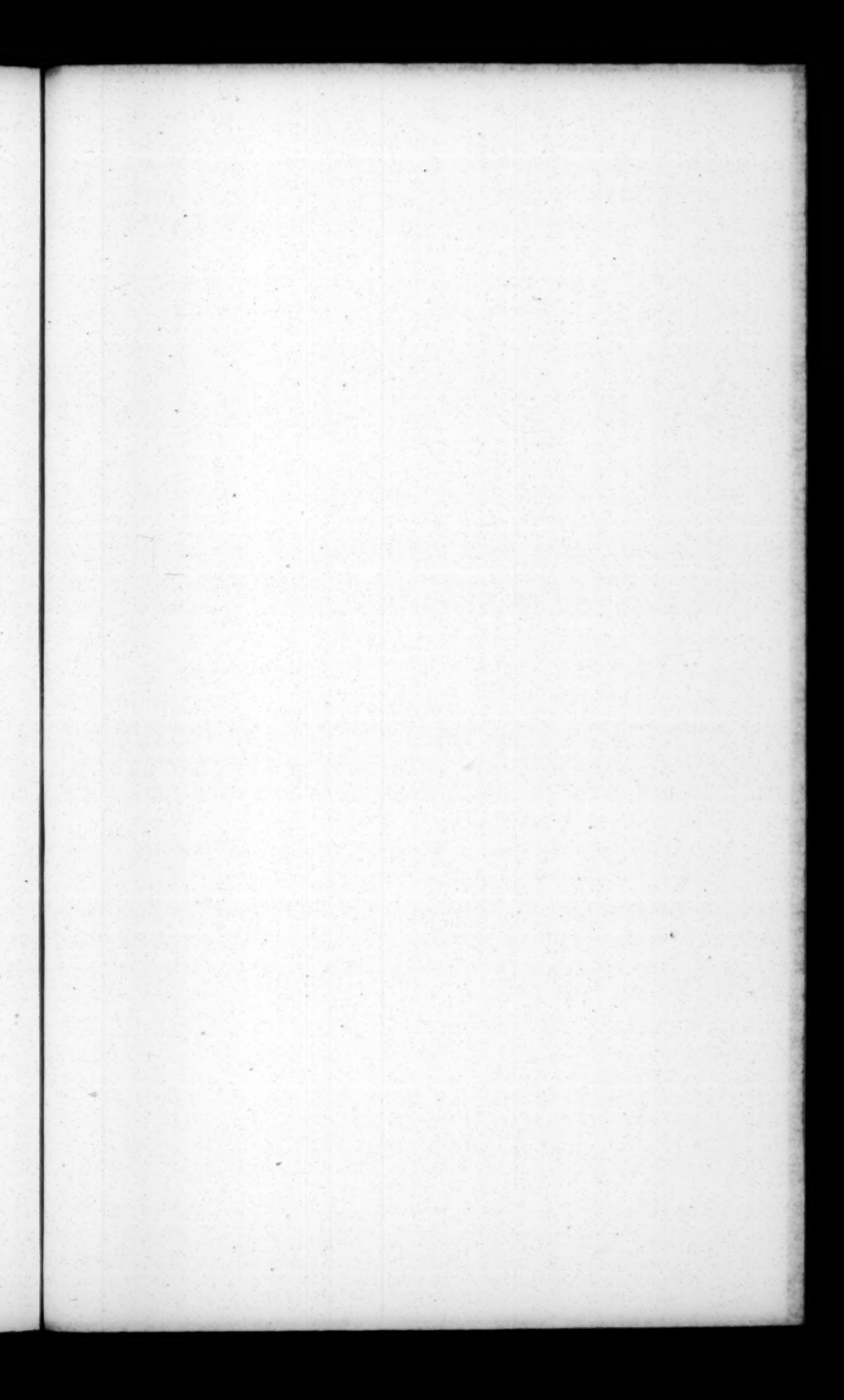
Nor can our toils that angry God appease. (more,
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar :
No sport, no labour, can divert my grief :

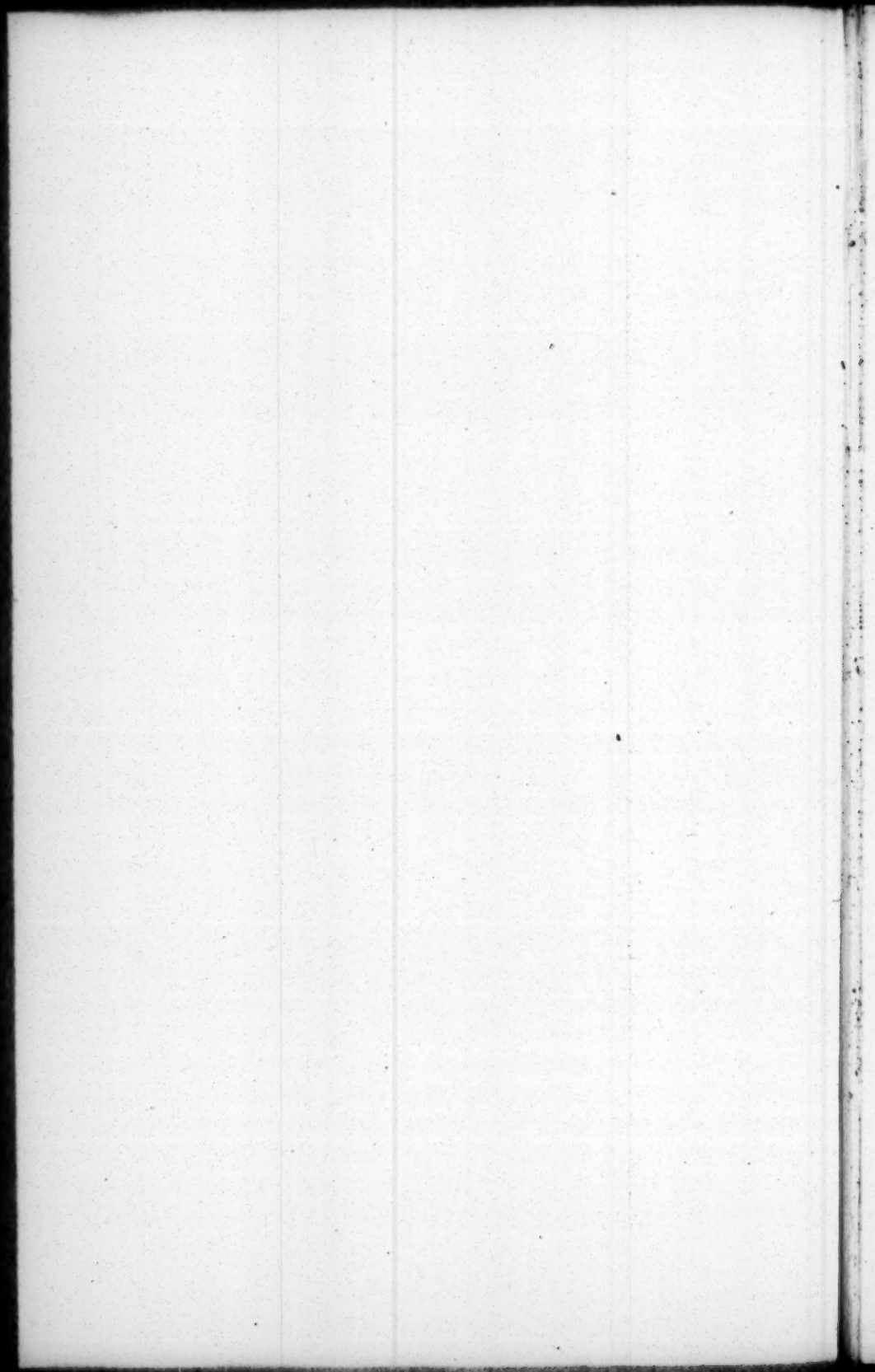
Without *Licoris* there is no relief.

Though I should drink up *Hebers* Icie Streams,
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet still her fiery beams
Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

FINIS.







Stell.

D2315

March 42nd